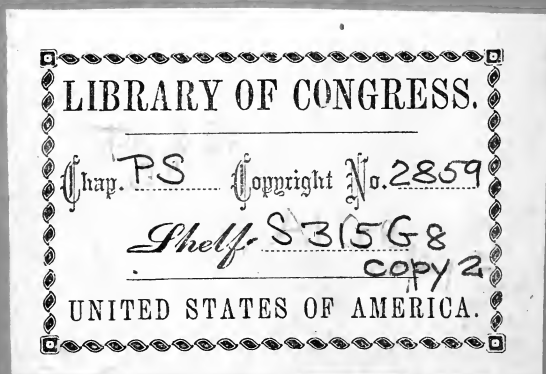




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GUADALOUPE.







18136

Small, William F.

# GUADALOUPE:

A TALE

OF

# LOVE AND WAR.

"Love, war, a tempest,—surely there's variety;  
Also a seasoning light of lucubration;  
A bird's eye view, too, of that wild society;  
A slight glance thrown on men of every station.  
If you have naught else, here's at least satiety,  
Both in performance and in preparation:  
And though these lines may only line portmanteaus,  
Trade will be all the better for these cantos."  
BYRON'S DON JUAN, CANTO XIV.

BY ONE WHO SERVED IN THE CAMPAIGN OF 1846-7,

IN THE LATE WAR WITH MEXICO.

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PHILADELPHIA:

JAS. B. SMITH & Co.,

No. 27 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET.

1860.

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## Dedication.

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TO

BREVET MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE CADWALADER,  
OF PHILADELPHIA.

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SIR:

Without asking your permission, and with no design to flatter, I respectfully dedicate the first canto of the following poem to you, as a tribute of respect for your character as a man, and of admiration of your gallantry as a soldier. Descended from a line of heroes, distinguished for their courage and patriotism in the Revolution, and for their devotion to the free institutions of the country, as well as for their unwavering defence of its interests and honor, in peace and in war, you are as much beyond the reach, as you are above the want, of any adulation at my hands.

In this conviction, and with this declaration, I make the present offering to your worth, with no hope of exalting myself in your estimation, or of obtaining celebrity through your patronage. A simple desire of expressing the sincere esteem

\*

of one who was happy to serve with and under you, in the late war with Mexico, and who was proud to know you in the more peaceful walks of civil life, is the sole motive of the tribute. As you looked with favor upon his earliest efforts as a soldier, he gratefully avails himself of a time-honored "poetic license," to invoke your name, as a sort of sponsor to his first offspring as a bard, but with no design to make you responsible for its character, its tone or its tendency. These,—whatever they may be,—are chargeable only to

THE AUTHOR.

## P R E F A C E .

INTRODUCTIONS and prefaces are, to authors, what safety valves are to steam engines,—the means by which an excess of vapor, which it would be dangerous to retain, may be safely got rid of. Whatever of vanity, and the consciousness of having performed a great and important task, cannot be embodied in their works, writers usually express in this way, and, as prefaces are seldom read, it is perhaps the most harmless mode they could choose for self-glorification. The object of their labors; the extent and depth of their researches; the authorities they have consulted; the errors they design refuting, and the benefits

they intend to confer upon their readers "and the rest of mankind," are matters which they cannot explain so well in any other manner, and as the public are rarely inclined to enquire into an author's motives, it saves the reader a great deal of annoyance, to express them where he will not be troubled to look for them.

This preface, if read, will be found to contain few of the characteristics referred to, and, whether read or not, nothing will be found in it which is essential to an understanding of the matters which follow. The public will therefore lose nothing if they pass it over altogether. My only object in attempting thus to introduce my poem to the reader, is to say that it was designed to fill a vacuum in the history of the Mexican war, which the writers of the day have left unoccupied.

I do not pretend to be a poet, and I sincerely regret that an abler pen has not yet made an effort to sketch those incidents of the war, which form its most interesting features, and which can only be

expressed in the language of poetry. Historians may give us very exact and edifying accounts of the origin and progress of a war;—Partizans, in their eternal wranglings, may give us exaggerated and startling accounts of its glories, its horrors and its cost, and Statesmen may enlighten us as to its remote or immediate affects upon the welfare and destiny of the Nation;—but who will draw a faithful picture of the heroism, the dangers, the privations, the toils, sacrifices, sufferings and triumphs of the actors, if the poet and the painter decline the task? Partaking the feelings and the hopes, and sharing the enthusiasm of the soldier, they alone can adequately appreciate his conduct and position, and present him, as he is, to the admiration of his less excitable, because more practical, fellow citizens. They alone can feel and express the ardor of the hero, and breathe into a description of a battle or a siege, the impulsive spirit and the steady valor; the headlong daring and the cool determination, which inspire and

sustain the combatants, and which really constitute the living soul of war!

Although I am very certain that I can only perform such a task in a feeble and imperfect manner, as it is much easier to express a want, than to supply its demand, I have made the attempt, in the hope that if I fail, some one better qualified will assume and complete it.

The first steps towards it were really taken while the author was in Mexico, but with no intention to publish his efforts, and with no studied object in view. He has since resumed the task at intervals of leisure, and, at the instance of a few friends, to whom he exhibited his first sketches, he has reduced them to something like order. He cannot, however, claim for the poem the regularity of a narrative, or the reality of a history, but he thinks it will exhibit enough of the character of both, to render it acceptable to those who have a taste for such productions. More than this he has not attempted and does not anticipate.

The first canto is unavoidably occupied, as exor-

dium, in breaking ground for what may follow. If its reception by the public shall not warrant the publication of a second, all I have to say to the "intelligent reader," is, that I shall be sorry for the failure, and will atone for the blunder by avoiding all temptations that might lead me to a similar mistake in the future.

One word more. As my poem, or, if you please, my rhyme, relates chiefly to Mexico, and the events of the late war in that beautiful but unhappy country, I have given it the title of Guadaloupe.\* "Our Lady of Guadaloupe" is one of the most eminent and popular saints in the Mexican calendar, and divides with San Miguel Soldado,† the patronage and devotion of the nation. Every thing pretty or interesting in the country, including some very charming women, wears the name, and I have therefore adopted it as applicable to the scenes, if not to the quality and spirit of my verse. Another reason for so doing may appear hereafter.

\* Pronounced Waw-da-loop-ee.

† St. Michael, the soldier.

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# Guadaloupe: A Tale of Love and War.

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## I.

HAIL Muse, or Muses!—maiden sisters Nine!

To whom all hapless rhymesters still must bow,  
Or flounder through each marr'd and broken line

In which their unblest aspirations flow,  
Invoking your celestial aid to shine

In verse, I bend in supplication low,  
Hoping that some of you may find the leisure  
To shape my soarings and improve my measure.

## II.

I want to write a poem or a story,—  
A lyrical romance, or epic tale,—

Something beyond the improvisatore

Of modern bards, which, weary, flat and stale,  
Brings to its authors neither pence nor glory,

Pleases the public or commands a sale,—  
Not that I mean to write for filthy pelf,  
Or ask your aid to glorify myself:

### III.

But while a world of headless hands are writing,<sup>1</sup>

“And all the rest of mankind” daily reading  
Their lucubrations,—in effect inviting

Men of all tongues, tastes, talents, wit and breeding,

To throw the very slops of their inditing

Into the spiceless flood on which they’re feeding,  
May I not give them something better still  
Than this unsavory, intellectual swill?

### IV.

I can, or could, or might, beyond all doubt,

Weave into rhyme the useful and the moral,  
To put live bards to shame and vice to rout,—  
But where’s a subject fit for such a carol?

Poetic topics have been quite worn out

By the dull crew of recent scribes, who mar all  
They touch, and now, so shamelessly abused,  
May not again by better hands be used.

## V.

The drama is my forte, but gods and men,

Since Boker's advent, have in horror damn'd  
Each luckless wight that wields a tragic pen:<sup>2</sup>

And groaning monthlies are of late so cram'd  
With "Odes" and "Sonnets," past all mortal ken,  
That Fame, stunned by their tuneless din, has  
slam'd

Upon this tribe of literary bores,  
Her shining temple's throng'd and outraged doors.

## VI.

Lyrics are at a discount, since for cash

Barnum evoked one for the Crystal Palace,  
For out of all the dull, insipid trash

That claim'd the prize, afflicted judges tell us  
Not one possess'd the faintest sign or dash  
Of soul or sentiment, save that by Wallace,

And if that was, of such a mass, the best,  
God help the men who had to read the rest.<sup>3</sup>

## VII.

Hirst,—vide Behemoth,—has proved the folly  
Of writing what cannot be understood,—  
See also his Pantheon;<sup>4</sup>—while Du Solle,  
Who once pour'd out of rhyme a copious flood,  
Has, in a sickly "Ode on Melancholy,"  
Shown how in vain we war against our blood  
When we attempt, as saints, in print to shine,  
While our whole lives disprove each specious line.

## VIII.

Miss Waterman, whose "heart was made to love"  
And has, I most devoutly hope, found some  
Fit object for its worship, and may prove,  
In wedded life, her early "thoughts of home,"  
Has, with her strains, so filled each echoing grove  
That, forced to silence in all time to come,  
Poetic boys and undeveloped ladies  
May dream no more of blushing brides and—babies.

## IX.

“Greek Girls” are not my weakness, and I leave  
To Simmons all such wandering, wanton things,  
Who only wake one’s heart to thoughts that  
grieve,  
And sometimes break, its strain’d and burning  
strings ;  
Besides, I deem it very wrong to weave  
A story which, in all its phases, flings  
A doubt on morals, and makes honest marriages  
Less seemly than shame-purchased pomp in car-  
riages.<sup>5</sup> .

## X.

And “Sylvan Scenes” have been so ably drawn,  
By Spear’s too idle pen,<sup>6</sup> I fear to tread  
With him the frowning wood or smiling lawn ;  
Indeed, I’m so addicted to my bed,—  
When once I’m there,—I seldom see a dawn,  
And, to my shame and sorrow be it said,  
I look so rarely on the face of Nature,  
I scarce could paint of her a single feature.

## XI.

What subject then, Oh Clio! rhyming muse!

Shall I adopt, to ease my laboring brain?

What path to public praise and glory choose,

And, the path open, what the style and strain?

If in this strait of knowledge you refuse

Your aid and counsel, all my toil is vain,

And therefore from this strange and motly crowd

Of bards, I call for help on you aloud!

## XII.

I pause for a reply,—and softly stealing,

Over each sense and through my kindling soul,

A new-born impulse comes, and every feeling

Is flushed with hope, while glory's radiant goal

Shines full before me, in its light revealing

Path, pitch and portal, in one brilliant whole,—

(I marvel much, just having made my lunch,

If this be inspiration or—the punch!)

## XIII.

No matter which,—I'm fairly started now,

And o'er the current of my flowing strain,

Whatever clouds may low'r, or storms may come,  
Like the bold Genoese, who dared the main,  
In search of unknown shores,—I'll point my prow  
With steadfast resolution to maintain  
My onward course unchanged,—my polar star  
The flashing orb that rules o'er Love and War!

## XIV.

Oh, Love and War! how broadly and how strong  
Your deep foundations in our hearts are laid!  
The theme of history and the soul of song,  
Woman's whole being—Man's absorbing trade—  
Resistlessly ye lead the giddy throng  
Of hopes that fire the dust of which we're made,  
And o'er life's colder, duller dreams diffuse  
Joy's brightest beams, and Glory's richest hues!

## XV.

Nature herself, and nature's every child  
Confess your mutual power in instincts true;  
For whether civil, savage, tame or wild,  
Creatures of every feature, form and hue,—

Man, beast and bird,—live only when beguiled  
Or charm'd to action or repose by you ;  
And ruling thus camp, court, cave, cell and cloister,  
Doubtless you also animate the oyster !

## XVI.

Why not?—all bivalves, oyster, clam and mussel,  
Have hearts and eyes, as well as coats of mail ;  
With these they, doubtless, see and feel and tussle,  
As beauty wins them or as foes assail :  
Just like the rest of earthly things that justle  
Each other as their loves or hates prevail ;—  
Of this I'm certain, population spreads  
With them, as other tribes, from fruitful beds.

## XVII.

- The very flowers, whose gorgeous colors seem  
But given to beautify and glad the earth,<sup>7</sup>  
Reflect in every blush the radiant beam  
Of Passion's sun, and pour their perfumes forth  
In gentle wooings, while, within them, stream  
Poisons at war with all of mortal birth,—  
Proving a bond of sympathy between us,—  
I mean the world and you, Oh ! Mars and Venus.

## XVIII.

And who will say ye are not both divine?

Do ye not mingle in our very blood,  
And through our souls with peerless lustre shine?

When our first parents moved in primal good  
Where worship'd they, but at Love's holy shrine?

And, when they fell, what nerved them as they  
stood,

Defenceless else, amid creation's jar,

But heaven-sent courage, arming them for war?

## XIX.

Bright rosy Love! thy magic influence

We own and welcome. Every shining dart  
That wounds us wakes each wild and burning sense

To more than mortal joys; the swelling heart,  
Throbbing with raptures, ardent and intense,—

Raptures which spells like thine alone impart,—  
Feels in each pulse, as deep thy shaft is driven,  
A sweet foreboding of the promised heaven!

## XX.

But one defect impairs and shakes thy power,

One sad regret attends thy happy reign,—

Man's changeful heart, sway'd by each passing hour,  
Too soon, alas, grows weary of thy chain,  
Roving in wantonness from bower to bower,  
And wooing still, with plight and promise vain,  
Each budding flow'ret, every newer face,  
That meets his gaze and older charms efface.

## XXI.

Yet in his very wanderings he is true  
To thy divine impulses, and confesses,  
Even in his waywardness, how much is due  
To thee of all that charms, exalts and blesses  
His restless spirit; for the brightest hue  
In which young Hope the sunny future dresses,  
Would lure in vain, or, if attained, would prove  
Obscure and dull, if not enhanced by Love.

## XXII.

And what if Beauty wins him for awhile  
From the loneshrine to which his faith is plighted?  
Can it be very sinful to beguile  
A moment thus with charms that mayn't be  
slighted?

Should manhood frown on woman's witching smile,  
And her sweet offerings wither unrequited?  
No, surely neither constancy nor truth  
Demands such wrongs to Beauty, and, in sooth,

## XXIII.

If asked, who could, or would, or should surrender  
The happy privilege, not to say the duty,  
The common meed of gallantry to tender  
Wherever due?—why else should youth and  
beauty  
Make woman lovely, or more graces lend her  
Than shrivel'd age, or features harsh and sooty?  
Nature herself declares, in instincts strong,  
If not in words, such love cannot be wrong.

## XXIV.

Not that she means, or I would have her say,  
That it is just, or even at all defensible,  
To throw a heart once woo'd and won away,—  
Yet, while I hold the treason reprehensible,  
And hate the wretch who flatters to betray,  
It seems but right, and altogether sensible,

If single still, and one will not content ye,  
That you may fairly fall in love with twenty.

## XXV.

Love rules us all! The greatest and the least  
Are not too great or little for his arrows;  
Angel and sprite, saint, sinner, bird and beast,—  
Including elephants and tiny sparrows,—  
In common share the torments and the feast  
Of the dread god,—excepting mules and barrows,—  
And not a joy the heart of mortal knows  
But springs from Love, and blesses as it flows.

## XXVI.

It forms the aim of every aspiration  
With which the young and bounding soul is rife;  
It is the stay of every tribe and nation,  
The bond that gives them a harmonious life;  
In short, the base and tie of population,  
It moulds those fiery elements of strife,—  
Man's passions,—by a natural kind of casting,  
Into a form, bright, beautiful and lasting.

## XXVII.

What would we be without it?—who can say,  
Unless we cite some monster for example;  
For even tameless birds and beasts of prey,  
Whose kinder instincts are by no means ample,  
Love one another; fiercer far than they  
Were man, if he alone should slight or trample  
That soothing law, or principle, which nature  
Has fixed in him and every living creature.

## XXVIII.

Wide as the word, then, be the mandate given  
To love whatever merits admiration,  
And if we may not make of earth a heaven,  
Or realize those dreams of reformation  
For which a Fourier has so vainly striven,  
We yet may reach a happy elevation,  
And share a thousand other things in common,  
Save,—and the exception is a fair one,—woman!

## XXIX.

And whence those lights, whose cheering rays  
illumine  
Man's upward progress, in the toilsome race,

Whose starting point is deep barbaric gloom,  
Whose goal perfection, but the deeds that grace  
The hero's arms?—the sword and dancing plume  
Of war have led, and still all-dazzling trace,  
The path of Empire, science, civilization,  
To every struggling, grasping, rising nation.

## XXX.

The first bold vessel that e'er dared the seas,  
The first wild tribe that from their rude homes  
stir'd,  
The first essay of Art's dark mysteries,  
And the first notes that wondering echo heard  
Pour'd forth in music's measured harmonies,—  
Waked, task'd, inspired or beckoned by the  
sword,  
Owned in their breath and birth the soul of Mars,  
And made man what he is through countless wars!

## XXXI.

Then sing, my Muse! the mingled joy and pain  
Of Love's enchanting, War's exciting story!

What nobler themes could wake thy tuneful strain,  
Or throw on man's dim path a ray of glory?  
Wisdom, religion, science, steam, in vain,  
With novel charms and maxims grave and hoary,  
Have shed their sober, peaceful lights around him,  
And left him still the restless thing they found  
him.

## XXXII.

For wisdom spreads her cold and solemn pages  
With much of pomp, but little of attraction,  
Except to stately and ambitious sages,  
Whose austere morals mock all human action,  
Whose souls are ever wandering back to ages  
Distant and dim, and, lost in deep abstraction,  
Forget the world that round them breathes and  
beams,  
To pore upon some senseless cynic's dreams.

## XXXIII.

Religion, too, o'erloaded with the forms  
That crafty priests, for profit, put upon her,  
Displays no more those pure and holy charms  
Which once a simple world's glad worship won  
her;

A sordid zeal now only wakes and warms  
Her hopes, and lust of temporal power and  
honor  
Drives her, still begging where she should command,  
The servile puppet of a scoffing land.

## XXXIV.

And science has been so abused by quacks,  
So mystified by addle-brain'd pretenders,  
So stup'd by vindications and attacks  
Of fussy foes and arrogant defenders,  
Who would, "an' if they might," upon their backs,  
Like Atlas, bear the world and all its wonders,  
That she has long since fled to parts unknown,  
To muse,—dispairing of mankind,—alone.

## XXXV.

Steam, it is true, is doing, and has done,  
Much for this world, and something for the next  
As o'er the land its snorting engines run,  
Or wake old Neptune, startled and perplex;

But, though it hath our admiration won,  
The modern wonder hath as often vexed  
As served our ends,—and fill'd earth, air and ocean  
With wrecks, as well as trophies, in its motion.

## XXXVI.

Cold, formal, thread-bare, laboring things like these  
Are, as I said, incapable of changing  
Man's heart, or Nature's yieldingless decrees;  
Sometimes, indeed, his hopes and thoughts estranging,  
They win him for a while, but never please;  
True to his instincts, through the wide world ranging,  
He yields, obedient to the voice of Jove,  
His soul and faith alone to War and Love!

## XXXVII.

This doctrine will, no doubt, appal the ears  
Of pious non-resistants, who contend  
That war is wrong, *per se*, and he who wears  
A sword, although it be but to defend

His native land,—nay more, the judge who bears  
The brand of justice,—doth as much offend  
As any cut-throat that e'er took the road,  
Or Haynau-like delights in human blood.

## XXXVIII.

They tell us that all violence is evil,—  
Granted,—unless it be to gain a good,  
Which may not be achieved by being civil;  
They say, too, and I wot be understood  
As contradicting them, that the arch devil  
Rejoices when we shed each other's blood,  
And add, if smote on one cheek, we must smother  
Our anger, and all meekly turn the other.

## XXXIX.

Now this I must, and will, and shall deny,  
Because it is unnatural and absurd;  
Justice is worth contending for, and I  
Would take the ruffian boldly by the beard,  
And give, to curb him, or at least I'd try,  
The law of Moses, from Mount Sinai heard,  
Demanding tooth for tooth,—let cowards quail,  
I'll fight for cause, and "go it tooth and nail."

## XL.

These fellows, like all other brainless sects,  
Forget one half the law they would expound,  
And while they labor to distort some text,  
Only confuse themselves, and worse confound  
The faith they follow, 'till at length perplexed  
By canting sophistry and senseless sound,  
They sieze on some apt dogma, and proclaim  
Their bastard faith in heaven's perverted name.

## XLI.

But, though I know it is a hopeless task  
To set such hollow hypocrites to thinking,  
Much more to put them right, I just will ask  
One simple question which admits no blinking,  
And must be met and answered without mask,  
Dodging or begging, shuffling or shrinking,—  
It is,—if God so much all strife abhors,<sup>8</sup>  
Why did he arm our fighting cocks with spurs?

## XLII.

Or why have tigers such a lust for blood,  
With fangs, and claws, and strength to gratify

Their carnal appetites?—or for what good  
Were given the eagle's talon, beak and eye?  
Or why should half the living world be food  
To t'other half, if such a harmony  
As theirs, who talk so much of *peace* and love,  
Had been the will of all-creating Jove?

## XLIII.

But Time and Progress will such changes bring,  
'Tis said, as man has never seen before,  
And human reason, purified, will fling  
Such sublimating influences o'er  
All the vile passions and desires that spring  
In our now wicked hearts, that we shall soar,  
As very angels, far above the mire  
Of earth, made pure by faith's refining fire!

## XLIV.

Now, though I do not doubt, nor will deny  
That such a better time as this may come,—  
For everything is possible, and I  
Have seen enough to strike all doubters dumb,—

Things daily happening, which no less defy  
All human calculation,—yet I've some  
Good reason to conjecture such a change  
Slightly beyond progression's widest range.

## XLV.

Man is not all a spirit or a worm,  
But both at once; and though he boasts a mind  
Whose giant power can raise and rule the storm,  
And the fierce lightning curb, and teach and  
bind,  
He wears a weak and perishable form  
Whose passions will burst forth, mislead and  
blind,  
And moulded thus, he can at best but be  
A shining link 'twixt dust and Deity!

## XLVI.

He is what God has made him, and no less;—  
Would you, ye saintly sages, have him more?—  
No! howsoever far he may progress,  
He still will love and hate as heretofore;

Refinement may, and will, exalt and bless,  
But will his senses slumber in his lore?  
And hope, ambition, glory, cease to charm,  
Or insult, jealousy and wrong to warm?

## XLVII.

I hope as much for man from coming time  
As the most ardent, wisely, may expect,  
But ere he can be wholly free from crime,  
And in the fountain of his thoughts reflect  
Nought but the beautiful, the pure, sublime,  
Or walk the earth in angel glories deck'd,  
He must be born a saint, and jump the stages—  
The weaknesses and ills—of life's "seven ages."

## XLVIII.

And, let me ask, what would the world now be  
If all the priceless harvests, which the sword  
Has reap'd, were lost?<sup>9</sup>—what nation would be free,  
Or what examples would the past afford  
To lead the future on to Liberty?  
What tyrant ever yet, with frank accord,  
Gave freedom to a supplicating land,  
Or yielded justice to an unarmed hand?

## XLIX.

It's very easy when we are hard press'd  
For reasons to support some fav'rite theory,  
To put a doubter's cavillings to rest  
By calling to our aid some quaint "*a priori*,"  
Some holy axiom or divine behest,  
Which reaches his, and proves our, "*a posteriori*,"  
And lay our bantling, fatherless before,  
Thus safely wrap'd in cant, at heaven's door.

## L.

But I confess, although the plan succeeds,  
In using it we still some peril run, for  
The brawling brats which bigot fancy breeds,  
And thus by faith are "taken in and done for,"  
Are hard to keep within bounds and must needs  
Show their vile blood and birth, if only fun for,  
And very often in a moment spoil  
Long years of prayerful hope and pious toil.

## LI.

Thus it has proved with all the monkish frauds  
Which Greece and Rome imported from the Nile,

To bolster up a faith in monster-gods,  
With human instincts, earthy, gross, and vile ;  
Who now such cunning mockeries applauds ?  
Or who approves, though he, perhaps, may smile,  
When tales of Jupiter's mad pranks are told,—  
Of rampant bulls, wild swans, and showers of  
gold?

## LII.

If 'twere not for the bright and winning dress  
Of poetry thrown o'er Olympian revels,  
These heathen deities would scarce seem less,  
Or more, than just so many roistering devils ;  
So little have we cause to praise or bless  
Their wicked doings and their shining evils ;—  
In deeds less bold than Jack the giant killer,—  
In rev'rence far beneath our Father Miller.

## LIII.

But this is scarcely to the point ;—I mean  
No theocratic essay now to write,  
Though, if occasion served, or it had been  
My purpose, no one could, I'm sure, indite

One half as brilliant, bitter, savage, keen,—  
Because I hate and loathe each pagan rite  
That lent a mythic charm to falsehood's altar,  
And made e'en Truth, o'erwhelm'd and dazzled,  
falter.

## LIV.

I only meant to ask a simple question  
Of those philosophers and saints, who preach  
The non-resisting faith and such like fustian,  
Intending by examples apt to teach  
That, of the wilderness of faiths, the best one  
Is that which God has placed within the reach  
Even of the humblest, dullest comprehension,—  
Plain without art, profound without pretension.

## LV.

And this forever speaks in Nature's voice,—  
Telling an unadorned and truthful story,—  
That if we're happy, we may well rejoice ;  
If sad, we cannot but be dull and sorry ;  
If love of praise and honor be our choice,  
We may, with no great sin, seek fame and glory ;  
In short, as culminates our ruling star,  
Laugh, sigh, toil, love, or even go to war !

## LVI.

As flowers with smiles the joyous earth adorn,  
Or clouds, by light'nings riven, all trembling  
weep;  
As plenty laughs amid her waving corn,  
Or famine howls along each barren steep;  
So man, amid a thousand changes born,  
Must sing or groan, laugh, sigh, or soar or  
creep,  
As these inspire or mould his pliant will,  
And be, whate'er his faith, a mortal still !

## LVII.

And yet I am no fatalist, nor one  
Who deems that chance controls man's least  
affairs ;  
But while I own he's free enough to run  
Without the chain which lifeless matter wears,  
I cannot grant him power to turn or shun  
The current of that stream of time, which  
bears  
Him and his fortunes on, and in whose wave  
He had his birth, and soon shall find his grave.

## LVIII.

Like bubbles on that dark and stormy tide,  
We follow still its calm or eddying flow,  
Scarce conscious, in our self-sufficient pride,  
Or whence we came, or whither we shall go;  
And while more perfect knowledge is denied  
In this life's voyage, it is enough to know  
We rise or sink, as ebb and flow the laws  
Which bind each atom to its parent cause.

## LIX.

Enough of this:—too long already wandering  
From the true current of my glowing theme,  
Whose vocal course, by flowery banks meandering,  
Invites me to its bright and flashing stream:—  
I'll plunge at once,—but not like hot Leander in  
The chilling Hellespont, to rise all steam,  
Or win an ague which his Hero's arms  
Could scarce subdue, with all love's burning  
    charms.

## LX.

But, much more prudent, I shall safely float  
Adown my story's smooth or stormy tide,

Provided with a trim and well found boat,  
And with my mistress seated by my side—  
Sweet, sprightly Fancy—just to help me note  
And shape events, as on we rush or glide,—  
And now, kind reader, with a fav'ring gale,  
I'll start at once my voyage and my tale.

## LXI.

Yet stay,—I must apologize for such  
A hydropathic prelude to my song;  
I'm surfeited myself, and will not touch  
Another drop, but take to "something strong;"  
I did not purpose to throw half as much  
Cold water in my rhymes, though I belong  
To that most useful of all public bodies  
Who're pledged to put down cobblers, slings, and  
toddlies.

## LXII.

And how I got in such a liquid strain,  
Of streams, tides, currents, I cannot divine;  
I surely have no dropsy on the brain,  
Nor am I prone to flowing cups of wine;  
But somehow all my metaphors have lain  
In waves, and floods, and seas of flashing brine;

My muse must certainly be Neptune's daughter,  
Or she would drown in such a "waste of water."

## LXIII.

I will, however, try to keep on shore  
Hereafter, and in future figures try land;  
Or, if I should attempt the wave once more,  
My aqueous tropes shall hug some pleasant island,  
Where they may land, if need be, and explore  
Its grottoes, caves, woods, dells and jutting high  
land,  
For similies to grace my story's moral,  
Apart from sea-weed, cockle-shells and coral.

## LXIV.

And now, thank heaven, I've really done of  
spinning  
Preparatory webs, that do but warp  
One's thoughts from the true aim of a beginning;  
And so I sieze at once and strike my harp,  
Trusting its notes may prove, if not praise-winning,  
Not altogether flat, nor yet too sharp;—  
I'll try a natural key, and, if I fail,  
Yours be the loss and mine shall be—the wail!

## LXV.

Hark! o'er the Rio Grande's turbid stream  
What sounds portentous, faintly echo'd come!  
And lo! what pageant woos the morning beam,  
With swelling bugle and deep-rolling drum!  
A host of threatening lances proudly gleam  
In the dim distance, while hoarse murmurings  
boom,  
From wide mouth'd cannon, whose exulting roar  
Breathes a defiance to our startled shore!

## LXVI.

And why hath Mexico, with wild alarms,  
Thus roused her dreamy sons from their repose?  
What sudden impulse animates and warms  
The sluggish blood that through their dull veins  
flows?  
Why calls she to the conflict dire of arms  
Her Cazador from Orizaba's snows,  
To mingle with her dark and fierce Ranchero,  
Her warlike Priest and gallant Caballero?

## LXVII.

What foe has dared to tread her burning plains,  
To quench the flickering liberty she shares?  
Have royal ruffians forged again the chains  
Which once the new, as now the old, world  
wears?  
No, it is not that bold invasion stains  
Her soil, or that a scepter'd foeman dares  
To win her back to vassalage,—but she  
Is drunk with pride, lust, hate and jealousy!

## LXVIII.

She cries for vengeance, while she burns with  
shame,  
And pours her warlike legions panting forth,  
A free but rebel province to reclaim  
From her o'er-shadowing rival of the north,—  
Whose power, whose splendor and whose dazzling  
fame,  
In all the arts that give her wealth and worth,  
She views with jealous eyes, and now would dare  
To mar the glories that she cannot share!

## LXIX.

But vain the task, and fruitless all her toil :—

Too long has Texas kept her foes at bay,—  
And never more shall her free sons or soil

Confess or fall beneath the tyrant sway  
Of Mexico, or prove her dupe or spoil,

If Uncle Sam had not a word to say ;  
While he, since she has now become a State—  
Reckons on keeping her, I calculate.

## LXX.

Ten years had passed since, gallantly, she won

On San Jacinto's memorable plain  
Her Independence, and each year had shown  
Increasing strength her freedom to maintain ;  
While Mexico had yearly feebler grown,  
And less inclined her empire to regain ;  
And Justice, strengthen'd by a world's decree,  
Gave Texas sovereign power, and made her free.

## LXXI.

Paper blockades, and unpursued demands

No longer claim respect, or give a right,

Else might the weakest bind the strongest hands,  
And vain pretenders wield unbounded might;  
But sov'reigns now, who deign to give commands,  
Must show their warrants in the clearest light,  
And should not only prove their claims as made,  
But own the power to make their wills obey'd.

## LXXII.

Such is the law of nations, and 'tis just,  
For as we have no arbiter but force,  
When kings or states fall out, their quarrels must  
Be estimated, as a thing of course,  
Not by the principles in which they trust,  
So much as in the strength of their resource  
In "villainous saltpetre," and the scales  
Of justice leans as victory prevails!

## LXXIII.

So when a differing people would decide  
Some point in politics, whose moral mocks  
Their cunning reason, they at once divide,  
And try the question at the ballot-box,--

Convinced that truth is on the stronger side,—  
And howsoever the decision shocks  
The vanquish'd party, they display no wit,  
Nor grace nor merit, if they don't submit.

## LXXIV.

Then why should Mexico again appeal  
To arms, when once their stern but just award  
Pronounced against her? May the common weal  
Of nations with impunity be mar'd?  
Is every braggart, who may chance to feel  
Warlike or wolfish, free to disregard  
All human obligation, right and rule,  
And play, at will, the conquerer or the fool?

## LXXV.

No, much as we're disposed to let the world,  
As men or nations, follow their own noses,  
When war his sable standards all has furl'd,  
And his red sword within its sheath reposes,  
We can't consent that thunder should be hurl'd  
By human hands, when lust or malice choses,  
Or cry "God speed," when envy, pride or hate  
Would crush, because it could not rule, a state!

## LXXVI.

And so I cannot, may not, say "amen"  
To Mexico, when, wild with indignation,  
She wakes from half an age's sleep, again  
To claim a province lost past reclamation;  
Not that she cares for Texas,—soil or men,—  
But to avenge her hated annexation  
To our bright halo of increasing stars,  
Whose light she dreads, whose glory she abhors!

## LXXVII.

Well! let her come! she'll have a cause profound  
To recollect the day that she advances  
A hostile foot beyond her rightful bound,  
Or shakes, with boding rage, her savage lances  
Upon what should be held as neutral ground,  
Because disputed!<sup>10</sup>—soon the eagle glances  
Of watchful sentinels shall mark and know  
Their banners as the heralds of a foe.

## LXXVIII.

And dark and terrible shall be the day  
When her exulting hosts shall meet that band,

Who now, in battle's stern and dread array,  
Dauntless and cool, but firm and faithful stand,  
Anxious for peace, yet ready for the fray,  
Should any foe assail their cherish'd land ;  
And vainly as the sea assails our rocks  
Shall war on them expend his fiercest shocks !

## LXXIX.

They come !—at length the “ Rubicon is past.”—  
And nought is heard but the wild echoings  
Of their invading footsteps ; and the blast  
Of proud defiance, which their bugle flings,  
Has reach'd and rous'd our sentinels at last.  
Peace flies the land, though with reluctant wings,  
And now our warriors must prepare to meet  
The foe, or lay their banners at his feet.

## LXXX.

Perhaps our sapient peace men would proclaim  
The latter course the best and wisest, for  
With them there is no darker, deeper shame,  
Than for a nation to indulge in war :  
It's nothing to forego the glorious name  
Our fathers gave us,—nothing now to mar  
Our ripen'd liberties,—to bend the knee,—  
And nothing,—that's a fact,—to cease to be !

## LXXXI.

But these are "nothings," which, as "men of blood,"—

Noble and warlike blood,—we're apt to add  
Together, just to ascertain what good

Out of a sum of "nothings" may be had;  
And if the calculated product should

Yield nothing, you can't deem our doctrines bad,  
If we conclude that "nothing," more or less  
Than this, displays a craven nothingness.

## LXXXII.

They come! and murder follows in their track!

As venom marks the path the serpent crawls:  
No bold defence of right, no brave attack,

Their boasted valor into action calls;  
Witness how by the daggers of this pack

The gallant Cross in secret ambush falls!  
His blood, an offering by assassin's given,  
Cries out for vengeance from the earth to heaven!

## LXXXIII.

And vengeance shall be his and ours ere long,  
For though man may by craft and crime delay  
The hour of justice, there is none so strong  
In will or power, that can avoid the day  
Of retribution, when each hoarded wrong  
Shall rise against him in a dread array ;  
And wrath which, though it slumber'd, was not  
dead,  
Shall then fall, wardless, on his guilty head !

## LXXXIV.

'Till then they come ! and Taylor saw with pain  
Their hostile legion swarming on our shore ;  
But while he felt the deep and burning stain  
Their footprints left upon our soil, he bore  
The insult patiently, and tried again,  
By firm but mild remonstrance to restore  
Pacific intercourse and kind relations  
Between the neighbor, though the rival, nations.

## LXXXV.

And in advance of his impatient host  
The noble Worth with peaceful mission sent,  
Imploring Mexico to count the cost  
Of such a war, before all hope was spent ;  
But vain the mission, for, to reason lost,  
The foe on carnage and revenge seem'd bent,  
And ere their march began, had, in their rage.  
Outraged the nation and disgraced the age !

## LXXXVI.

For neither making war, nor keeping peace,  
And reckless of a world's reproving frown,  
As if they meant the quarrel to increase,  
And prove how desperate in the wrong they'd  
grown,  
They made our consul strike his flag and cease  
His sacred functions, and although not thrown  
Into a dungeon, he escaped the jail  
Only to have an arm'd police for bail. (11)

## LXXXVII.

Held under what they term a "surveillance"  
Among the French, when "order reigns" in  
Paris,  
That is, when despotism crushes France,  
And the chief object of its tender care is  
To watch each honest man with vigilance,  
Lest too much liberty should, haply mar his  
Repose,—our consul in the city's verge  
Was kept a sort of prisoner at large.

## LXXXVIII.

When asked if he was free to act, they said  
Of course he was, and yet they would not show  
him ;  
But why, if still allowed to wear his head,  
He could not be produced, so Worth might know  
him,  
Was more than they could answer, and the dread  
With which they spoke, show'd how they would  
bestow him  
If left alone, and proved a purpose steady  
To have a war,—which they'd begun already.

## LXXXIX.

Yet, patient still, this insult, too, we bore,  
Hoping, against despair, to close the breach  
Which Mexico seem'd bent on widening more  
By threatening attitudes and hostile speech;  
And so again we halted to implore  
Her better sense a juster course to teach,  
Wishing that every claim of either nation  
Might still be settled by negotiation!

## XC.

But vain the hope, and every mild appeal,  
For she would talk of nought but "deeds of  
arms,"  
No arbitration but the flashing steel,  
And no debate but battle's stern alarms;  
She even look'd upon our earnest zeal  
To soothe and bring her to pacific terms,  
As proofs of fear, and, as our words grew milder,  
She bluster'd all the more, and storm'd the  
wilder.

## XCI.

So, at the first, Almonte stoutly swore,  
When we proposed to Texas annexation,  
That if we dared advance one footstep more,  
However cautious, 'twards its consummation,  
His outraged nation would, o' the instant, pour  
Upon us its deep wrath and indignation,  
And bloody war, with all its kindred terrors,  
Should soon convince us of, and scourge, our  
errors.

## XCII.

We gently hinted then that Uncle Sam  
Was much inclined to manage his affairs  
To suit himself, and though he wouldn't slam  
His door upon a king, nor kick down stairs  
A minister, he didn't care a d——n  
For any nation that should take such airs;  
And while Almonte's threats were not worth  
heeding,  
They clearly proved his want of wit and breeding.

## XCIII.

We told him, too, that Texas was a free  
And sovereign nation, and was fashion'd so  
In just the self-same natural mode that we  
Had been, as well as warlike Mexico,—  
A happy union of the will to be  
And power to do:—what title could he show,  
Better than this, for all the wide domain  
And empire Mexico had wrung from Spain?

## XCIV.

We knew his masters were disposed to own,—  
A fact they could no longer well deny,—  
That Texas had to Independence grown,  
But, casting on the north a jealous eye,  
They wish'd to bind her to exist alone,  
And, if her gallant people would comply  
With such a base proviso, Mexico  
Would hail the power she fain would overthrow.

## XCV.

But, more than this, we had good cause to know  
That France and England shar'd the jealousy

With which she saw our towering empire grow,  
And state on state add to its galaxy  
Their beaming constellations, and to show  
How much we feared their league or rivalry,  
We gave Almonte, ere his rage grew cold,  
His passports, and—took Texas to our fold.<sup>12</sup>

## XCVI.

But this is prosy, and I won't pursue  
So dull a task as argument in rhyme,  
For it is difficult to clothe the true  
And stubborn facts of dull and plodding time  
In fancy's brighter garb of rainbow hue;  
We're apt to step beyond the true sublime  
Of poetry, by trying thus to blend it  
With facts which often mar, but seldom mend it.

## XCVII.

I'll, therefore, not attempt to mould or mingle  
Discussion and diplomacy again,  
With the imaginings that yet may jingle  
In easy verse from my harmonious pen;

In truth there is no need to add a single  
Expostulate to what must be so plain :—  
Our neighbors only sought, as the world knows,  
A pretext to become our bitterest foes.

## XCVIII.

They would not, and they could not be appeased ;  
They would not listen to an explanation ;  
Like fretful children, who will not be pleased,  
Their rage grew fiercer with expostulation,  
'Till, stung with shame at their own faults, they  
seized  
The iron arguments of desperation,  
And tried to prove themselves entirely right  
By a most silly eagerness to fight.<sup>13</sup>

## XCIX.

Then blazed through Mexico the fires of war ;  
Then peal'd her clarions, summoning to arms ;  
Then burst her wrath, and, echoing afar,  
Like the deep mutterings of her summer storms

When rushing elements in conflict jar,  
Swept o'er our land, and waked, with stern  
alarms,  
The lion spirit which our fathers bore  
When Freedom's earliest foe assailed our shore!

## C.

The soul that made them heroes was not dead,  
Nor had it slumber'd in the long repose  
That peace had given us, but, still conquering, led  
Our hardy people 'gainst a thousand foes  
Wherever art, adventure, commerce sped;—  
It made our forests "blossom like the rose,"  
Built cities up, and won, with manly toil,  
Triumphs that shame War's best and richest spoil!

## CI.

All that could make a people bold and strong,  
All that can make a nation truly great,—  
The virtues which to manhood still belong,  
And, while they polish, fortify a state,—  
Were theirs, with that quick, manly sense of wrong  
That scorns the power that would intimidate,

And, like the electric shock which wakes and  
warms.

Thrill'd through their souls the startling call "To  
arms."

## 1.

"To arms!"—thus sped the thrilling cry,  
Throughout the echoing land,  
While eager flash'd each hero eye,  
And dauntless grew each hand,—  
"To arms!—a foeman treads our shore  
To ravage and to spoil,  
And Freedom calls her sons once more  
To vindicate her soil!

## 2.

"Unfold your banners to the breeze,  
Light up your council fires,  
And wake the warlike memories  
Of your great and gallant sires.  
Heirs to their Liberties and Fame,  
Assert your glorious birth,  
By deeds that shall at once proclaim  
Your lineage and your worth!

## 3.

“Gird up each stout and manly loin,  
And, with a purpose high  
In one unbroken phalanx join  
To conquer or to die :—  
To conquer in the holy cause  
Of country, home and right,  
Or die, amid a world’s applause,  
The foremost of the fight !”

## CII.

As forests by autumnal tempests stirr’d,  
As surges driven along the troubled deep,  
So rock’d the mighty nation, and so pour’d  
Its living tides, while onward as they sweep,  
In waves of eager chivalry, are heard  
From city, hamlet, vale and mountain steep,  
Naught but the echoings of that battle cry,  
Which summon’d hosts to death or victory !

## CIII.

And not alone an army train’d to war  
Answer’d that wild and thrilling call to arms,

But, as its stirring echoes sped afar,  
Fresh from their looms, their work-shops and  
their farms,—  
From warehouse, college, studio and bar,—  
Rush'd a free people,—not for glory's charms,—  
But to avenge, with faithful heart and brand,  
And rifle true, the insult to their land.

## CIV.

There was no lack of heroes, and the world  
Saw, with incredulous wonder and surprise  
That war's dread bolts could be as deftly hurl'd  
By freemen, conscious of their liberties,  
As by a host, above whose ranks unfurl'd  
Th' emblazonry of Princes flaunts the skies,  
And that a pure Democracy may own  
A power as great as that which guards a throne.

## CV.

The gallant South, the bold and hardy North,  
The polished East, and the adventuring West,  
In gen'rous emulation sallied forth  
Responsive to the nation's proud behest,—

Not as a rabble, but with wealth and worth,  
And every social good that makes man blest,  
Join'd in their ranks, and in each hero band  
Were first to serve, the ablest to command.

## CVI.

The meteor flag their noble fathers bore,  
When Britain vainly sought to make them slaves,  
Now in its starry glory, as of yore,  
A pledge of victory, o'er them proudly waves,  
And woe to him who treads our heaving shore  
With hostile foot, and in his rashness braves  
The scathing terrors, which, like lightnings hurl'd,  
Flash from it, thus in battle's front unfurl'd.

## CVII.

Towards the heavens it lifts each shining fold,  
Freedom's glad sign, and Freemen's guiding star,  
Like Israel's burning herald, which of old  
Led God's own chosen people, journeying far,  
In quest of liberty,—though toils untold  
Lie in its path, nor flood, nor chance of war  
Shall stay the march of those whose faithful gaze  
Draws hope and courage from its cheering blaze.

## CVIII.

And onward sweeps that wild and swelling tide  
Of human surges, whose roused passions all  
Seem concentrated in a deep and wide  
Desire of vengeance,—one impulsive thrall,—  
That silences each thought that might divide  
Its empire o'er them, and as rise or fall  
Its billows, in its tempest-driven course.  
The torrent gains in fury and in force.

## CIX.

Even politicians mingle in each wave, <sup>(14)</sup>  
And many a fierce and wrangling partizan  
Forgets to prey upon, and joins to save,  
His country, and becoming all a man  
And patriot, speaks as speak the free and brave  
When faction ceases to excite and fan  
Those grosser passions, whose unholy fires  
Consume their victims in their own desires.

## CX.

But in the midst of all this preparation  
And overflow of patriotic zeal,

Quite different thoughts obtruded on the nation ;—

For softening sentiments will ever steal  
Into our hearts, when, in their perturbation,

They seem the sternest,—teaching us to feel  
That though grim Mars at times commands our arms,  
Venus still holds us, bound in Beauty's charms ;

## CXI.

Charms that forever cling around the heart

The closer as we near the dreaded hour  
When fate or fortune snaps each thread apart,  
And all the spells of woman's witching power  
Dissolve in tears. For not without a smart

The boldest sees the clouds of battle lower  
Upon the hopes that Love has spread before him,  
And glory pales amid the gloom shed o'er him.

## CXII.

And there were tender partings and embraces,

Adieus and sighs, and many a burning vow,  
And heaving breasts, and sad and pallid faces,

Dim doubts and fears, whose heavy bodings bow  
The spirit down, or leave their darkling traces  
Long, long upon the soul, no matter how

Its manlier thoughts and aspirations high  
May war against them for the mastery.

## CXIII.

Ambition may not wholly ward the pain,  
Or cure the grief, the breast is doom'd to feel,  
When Love has won it to his bright domain,  
And some unlook'd for turn of fortune's wheel  
Breaks, suddenly, the soft and silken chain  
That bound it to its idol;—lock'd in steel,  
In toil or battle, storm or sunshine, yet  
That one sweet dream it cannot all forget.

## CXIV.

The highest gifts of fortune or of power,  
The proudest honors which the world bestows,  
And all the dazzling glories Fame can shower,  
Nor warm, nor cheer us as the flame that throws  
Its hallowing beams from Beauty's rosy bower,  
To lure and charm us as it purely glows —  
And even the sternest of our kind still prove  
But giddy moths around that light of Love.

## CXV.

And so my hero thought and felt, and so  
He moved and acted, as I soon shall mention  
Much more at large, and should an hour ago  
Have done, perhaps, as it was my intention  
At first to introduce him, and to show,  
Through him, that this is not a mere invention,  
Got up for my own special gain or glory,  
But a most truthful and instructive story.

## CXVI.

A poem is not worthy of the name  
Of epic, if it has no hero in it,  
For whatsoever merit it may claim  
As a mere essay, though a sybil spin it,  
The world would deem it profitless and tame  
Unless heroic deeds and sufferings win it,  
The sympathy and admiration due  
To scenes that either are, or may be true.

## CXVII.

And as I purpose to indite a story,  
Which, if it be not altogether real,

Shall point a moral, and reflect some glory  
Upon our nation's arms and common weal,  
I'll set my hero, if I can, before ye  
"Arm'd all in *proof*," if not "lock'd up in steel,"  
And let him, in his life and deeds, portray  
The thoughts, hopes, doctrines, I would sing or say.

## CXVIII.

But still to chose a hero is a task  
Which puzzles most bards, for amid the number  
Who in the blaze of glory's sunshine bask,  
There are but few whose names would not encumber  
A moral story, and the world will ask  
Those who select from such historic lumber  
To pick, at least, sound timber, such as makes  
Good "platforms,"—which, at best, are no "great  
shakes."

## CXIX.

To seek among the living sons of fame  
Is dangerous, I know, for every one,  
Doubtless, imagines his particular name,—  
Brown, Smith or Jones,—beyond comparison

The very one to put the old to shame—

Not even excepting that of Wellington,  
Whose worth has been so well and widely spread,  
There's nought to add, except, thank God, "he's  
dead."

## CXX.

He's buried, too, and if within his grave

His vices, with his ashes, were entomb'd  
It would a deal of toil and trouble save

To his biographers, who now are doom'd  
To labors that would crush a galley slave,

To prove that half the laurels that have bloom'd  
Along his path, were not a bastard breed  
Of hot-bed plants that never came to seed.

## CXXI.

His life was made of accidents and crimes,

And his successful butcheries in the East,  
Which won his "iron" title from the times,

Of all his bloody blunders were the least,  
For though he war'd in many lands and climes,

No love of justice warm'd his ruthless breast,  
And Freedom dreaded, while mankind abhor'd,  
The bootless triumphs of his flaming sword. <sup>(15)</sup>

## CXXII.

My hero must be one who will not need  
The purchas'd praises of a venal pen,  
Nor court a cringing politician's meed  
Of fame reflected back from better men ;  
Simple in sentiment, but firm in deed,  
He'll stand a plain, straight forward citizen,  
In peaceful times, though fierce as frowning Mars  
When Freedom calls him to her holy wars.

## CXXIII.

And such shall be my Randolph,—so I call him,—  
His christian name St Charles,—as good as any,—  
But still I hope his critics won't o'erhaul him,  
If, peradventure, in the view of many  
He will not, in the fate that may befall him,  
Prove either saint or sage, for even then he  
Will only show, as Shakspeare did the same  
In Romeo's case,—there's nothing in a name. <sup>(16)</sup>

## CXXIV.

In truth I merely name him thus to single  
My hero from the crowd of heroes, who

In this heroic age and country mingle  
Their names with those of the "immortal few,"  
Whose glorious deeds a willing Fame will sing well  
Till times last echo,—what she'll ever do  
With the pretenders, passes divination,  
Unless she damns them with their own laudation.

## CXXV.

This certainly would mollify their vanity,  
For nothing so rebukes and cures conceit,  
Unless, indeed, it soars to stark insanity,  
As, like a very echo to repeat  
The idle babblings of its own inanity ;  
The genuine praises of the world are sweet,  
But when obliged to purchase or to make it,  
Fame turns to physic,—dogs would scarcely take it.

## CXXVI.

To cram a quack with his own patent pills,  
To pay a forger in his own base coin,  
To make a tapster drink the drugs he fills  
To muddled customers, for honest wine,

Compared with theirs, are sufferable ills,  
Who, forced to fan the flame in which they shine  
See all their glory sink at last to zero  
From too much puffing ;—but now to my hero,

## CXXVII.

Most epic authors love to throw a mystery  
Over a hero's birth and early days,  
As if they were afraid that a true history  
Of these would much impair his claims to praise,  
But mine, whatever, reader, you may list, or he  
May prove in mandood's stern and sober days  
Shall come before you just as he appear'd  
Struggling towards discretion and a beard.

## CXXVIII.

Few men, I know, can look back on the past,  
Especially their boyhood, without blushing ;  
And modern youths have grown so very "fast,"  
Progress, with most of them, is simply rushing  
Into excesses which impair and blast  
The brightest hopes with which life's spring is  
gushing ;—

But still the errors which surround life's portal  
Are, in the main, but proofs that we are mortal ;

## CXXIX.

Mere things of clay, whose chiefest glory lies  
In warring with the perils that beset us,—  
To bear against our fate, and struggling rise  
Above the obstacles that chafe or fret us ;  
And if some fall or fail to win the prize,  
That saints and sages to exalt have set us,—  
It does not follow that we're worse in heart  
Than those who made a better end or start.

## CXXX.

For as we cannot drive ills from life's door,  
When first we pass from the paternal hearth  
"Into this breathing world," what can we more  
Than strive against them? They are of the earth,  
Not ours, and had their being long before  
We hapless, helpless creatures had our birth :  
Our virtue is but proved as they importune  
Our weakness on this threshold of our fortune.

## CXXXI.

If good intentions could confer exemption  
From tempting accidents that lead to evil,  
Mankind might justly hope for safe redemption  
From the too wide dominion of the devil;  
But self-sufficient faith gives no præemption  
To heaven's domain, and from the beaten level  
Of time, no power can lift us, or bestow  
The stainless souls which angels only know.

## CXXXII.

But this is neither to the point I meant  
To illustrate, when just about producing  
My hero, nor a part of my intent  
In thus, with all his foibles, introducing  
His story. It were folly to invent  
Apologies or pretexts for seducing  
His youth, and then to ask you to admire him  
For virtues which hereafter may inspire him.

## CXXXIII.

In truth I shall not paint him as a rake,—  
For he was quite a model in morality,—

Nor shall I, on the other extreme, make  
Him out entirely free from sensuality.  
True to my purpose, I shall neither take  
From, nor add to, his individuality,  
But give him to you, just as I may find him,  
With all the world before, and youth behind him.

## CXXXIV.

I've merely said this much to warn the candid  
And honest reader, from the silly notion  
That heroes are a whit more even-handed,  
Or steady-footed, in their faith or motion,  
Than others are; for whatsoever man did,  
Does, or may do, in war, love or devotion,  
All heroes have done,—and,—but let that pass,  
And, now, behold my hero in your glass.

## CXXXV.

About his parents I cannot say much,  
Because I really know of them no more  
Than that they were related to the Dutch,  
Settlers of York, and in the county bore

An honest name, while their estate was such  
That, though not rich, they had an ample store  
For ease and independence, and could spare  
To alms and hospitality a share.

## CXXXVI.

Born, nursed and nurtur'd, just as you and I,  
And many others who have lived before us,  
He saw the clear light of his native sky  
First from the margin of the dark Cadorus,  
And there his early years flew swiftly by,  
As with us all, ere manhood comes to bore us  
With schemes of power and glory, hopes and fears,  
And toils whose wages are but sighs and tears.

## CXXXVII.

At fourteen he was sent to Princeton College,—  
A fine old institution, known to fame  
For the immense amount of varied knowledge  
Which it imparts, and one that lays a claim,  
In this most learn'd and scientific dull age,  
To an unbounded and undying name  
For its resplendent lore in Greek and Roman,  
And arts, of practical behoof to no man.<sup>17</sup>

## CXXXVIII.

Here he acquired a smattering of Euclid,—

A study which I most devoutly hate,—  
And laboring earnestly, as never Jew did,

Or ever will, he could at length translate  
Ovid's whole "art of love," and, what but few did,—

And to his credit only this I state,—  
He did not idly learn the art,—the fact is  
He carried it almost too much in practice.

## CXXXIX.

In ethics and political economy

He made great progress, and could soon explain,—  
From Genesis and Deuteronomy,—

The laws of Moses, and—who married Cain ;  
But what he most excell'd in was Astronomy,

For he could tell you when each star would wane  
And when the moon would fill her horns with light,—  
He chiefly studied these things out at night.

## CXL.

Princeton is famous for its pretty faces,

And, for a league or two, the country round,

Fair forms, ennobled by still fairer graces,  
On every hand may be, with searching, found ;  
And among all the interesting places  
Where open hearts and handsome eyes abound,  
I know of none so lovely and attractive  
To those who seek *ideals* that are *active*.

## CXLI.

It's just the place to send a moral youth to,  
For rapid progress in his tastes and letters,  
And, if to piety inclined, in truth you  
Might search in vain for more devout abettors  
Than its dear angels, who, in very sooth, do  
Bind one's chaste soul in such delightful fetters,  
That you would to their skirts most freely pin  
Your faith, and never dream again of sin.

## CXLII.

Indeed the neighborhood, and, I might say,  
The State, is so proverbially pious,  
That if we were inclined to go astray  
The very atmosphere would still defy us ;

And if sometimes the girls appear too gay  
We may be sure they only tempt to try us,—  
They never drop a smile, or bare a charm  
With the least thought of doing any harm.

## CXLIII.

And yet I don't mean to be understood  
To say that Jersey girls are stiff or cold,  
As free from all the rigors of the prude  
As from the immodest ardor of the bold,  
They're neither shy nor awkward, rough or rude,  
And, to their lasting honor be it told,  
They neither think of warming you, or chilling,  
By being too unkind or yet too willing.

## CXLIV.

Six months among these fascinating creatures,  
With now and then a pic-nic or a fair,  
To render you familiar with their features,  
Will make the truth of this description clear,  
While, if you are of an "enquiring nature,"  
You'll find substantial proofs of gifts so rare  
In many a radiant beauty who'll exhibit 'em,—  
To one who can appreciate,—*ad libitem*.

## CXLV.

And one such illustration met the gaze.

Of our young hero, who, in Linda's eyes,  
And graceful form, and frank and artless ways,  
Traced every charm that in a maid we prize ;  
His admiration led, of course, to praise,

And praise to love, and love to vows and sighs,  
And other incidents that fill romances  
With "thrilling raptures," "transports," "tears and  
trances."

## CXLVI.

At fourteen he could hardly be a lover,

And yet we sometimes feel at that quick age  
More true affection than we e'er discover

At twenty-five, although even then not sage,—  
And the dim instincts that, like visions, hover

Around our hearts, in this our hirsute stage,  
If not in fact love, hate, ambition, pride,  
Are to those passions very near allied.

## CXLVII.

But jump the next two years, and then suppose  
My hero past sixteen, well-shaped and tall,  
And form'd to love and be beloved by those  
Dear creatures who, since Adam's rise and fall  
Beguile us of our empire and dispose  
Our hopes, aims, ends, and in despite of all  
Our sterner natures, or assumed austerity,  
Mould, not ourselves alone, but our posterity.

## CXLVIII.

At sixteen we attain to that condition  
When all our sentiments from outward form  
Assume their shape and tone, and "young ambition,"  
That glorious artist,—paints in colors warm  
The pleasant objects of each brilliant vision  
That gives to life its bright but fleeting charm,—  
At thirty-two such visions melt away  
And dress our fading hopes in sober grey.

## CXLIX.

No matter,—there's a time for everything,—  
As saith the preacher, and our manhood's prime

Is not the time to moralize or fling

Wet blankets on our spirits, but a time  
To laugh, and love, and dance, and so I'll bring

My muse down from a flight that's too sublime,  
And turn from topics which appear didactical,  
To one more pleasant, pertinent and practical.

## CL.

St. Charles had now, as I have stated, grown

Handsome and tall, and, in his ripening years,  
Discover'd what we all must sometime own

With joy, but still more frequently with tears,  
That even the coldest hearts can't beat alone,

But ever seek, to share their hopes and fears,  
Some kindred bosom, where they pour their woes,  
And find in sympathy a sweet repose.

## CLI.

And, as I more than hinted at, he found

In Linda's gentle breast that sympathy  
His own now long'd for, for although around

Her came a crowd of flatterers, her eye

And cheek grew bright, but when the welcome  
sound

Of his soft whisperings told her he was nigh;—  
Of course she did not labor to conceal  
A love it was so pleasant to reveal:—

## CLII.

And yet she did not boldly make it known  
By unbecoming language or attention,  
For female hearts have always felt and shown  
Too much reserve, and far too much invention  
To court our favor;—methods of their own,  
Which strike at once the dullest comprehension,  
And yet are indefinable, define  
To whom or what they most or least incline.

## CLIII.

A look, a gesture, or the slightest motion  
Of breath or blood, upon the lip or cheek,  
Will give a much more clear and perfect notion  
Of what they feel than any tongue could speak;—  
Indeed I know of no sincere emotion  
For which our feeble words are not too weak;—

The heart's best language flashes from the eye,  
And its most audible breathing is a sigh.

## CLIV.

It's scarcely necessary I should add  
That this electric rhet'ric of the soul  
Was known to Linda and St. Charles: they had,  
Indeed, improved upon it as a whole;  
For often, when the weather was not bad,  
Or a bright moon invited them, they stole  
From their companions, and conversed for hours,  
And yet were silent as the stars or flowers.

## CLV.

But they were doom'd to learn the bitter truth  
Of Shakspeare's adage, which assures us that  
"The course of true love never did run smooth,"—  
And never will, he might have added,—what  
With crusty parents, who forget their youth,  
Prudes who delight in scandal and a cat,  
And jealous rivals, there is quite enough  
Ill wind to make its smoothest current rough.

## CLVI.

I wish their case had proven an exception  
To this sad rule; but then her father frown'd  
Upon their love, and gave a cold reception •  
To Randolph, while a rustic rival found  
Means to avenge himself for his rejection  
By whispering slanders of them both around,  
Which were, of course, repeated with additions,  
And yet were nothing more than mere suspicions.

## CLVII.

But envy and detraction only made  
Them cling still closer than they clung before,  
And those who wish'd to part them thus display'd  
The weakness they pretended to deplore;  
It's very strange that people first degrade  
Those whom they would to virtue's path restore,  
When all experience proves that such a course  
Excites and only makes them ten times worse.

## CLVIII.

And what is more to be regretted still,  
The "unco' godly" are so indiscreet

As, by their very homilies, to fill  
Our heads with fancies dangerous to our feet;  
For while they tell us we must curb the will,  
And fly from pleasures which, if sins, are sweet,  
They paint those sins, intending to alarm us,  
In such warm colors that they really charm us.

## CLIX.

Was love a crime? Was it a sin to walk  
Abroad in Princeton, morning, noon or night,  
With one she loved? Or was it wrong to talk  
Of earthly hopes or joys? Is nothing right  
But what must mortify the flesh, and balk  
The spirit in its musing or its flight?—  
Were questions Linda asked, but could not gather  
The slightest satisfaction from her father.

## CLX.

She then appeal'd, with many touching tears,  
In hope of consolation, to her mother,  
But *she* could only say "she had her fears,  
And did not know why a mere child should  
bother

Her head or heart about such things,—her years  
Were much too green to cherish any other  
Than filial love, and there was serious danger  
In listening to the nonsense of a stranger.

## CLXI.

“And who was this fine, dashing fellow who  
Was call’d, or call’d himself, St. Charles?—a  
saint  
Indeed!—the college held but few,  
And from some rumors, and, in fact, complaint  
About his pranks and practices, she knew  
He was not one of them, and some restraint  
Must now be placed on Linda, just to save her  
From suffering for her indiscreet behavior.”

## CLXII.

And Linda was for several weeks debar’d  
All intercourse with masculine society,  
A punishment she deem’d exceeding hard,  
For though there possibly was more propriety  
In feminine embraces, she preferr’d  
In kissing, as in cooking, some variety,—

Her female friends no doubt were very kind,  
But could not grant the joys for which she pined.

## CLXIII.

She sigh'd throughout the day, and wept all night ;  
Her books were left unread, her harp neglected ;  
She seldom spoke, and ceased to take delight  
Even in the flowers she rear'd, and quite dejected  
She lost at last her strength and appetite,  
As if the air she breath'd had been infected.—  
But I am glad to say her very grief,  
Instead of killing, brought its own relief.

## CLXIV.

For when her rosy cheeks grew thin and pale,  
Her parents were alarmed and half repented  
That they had listened to each idle tale,  
Which jealousy or gossip had invented ;  
And when they saw her health and spirits fail,  
Their rigor and severity relented,  
And Linda was once more, with joy restored  
To life and love and him she most adored.

## CLXV.

Though somewhat saddened by their recent <sup>cr</sup> losses,  
St. Charles and Linda took the shortest way  
Of making up their large and heavy losses  
In love and happiness,—as gourmands pay—  
With interest—in the shape of spice and sauces,  
Their stinted stomachs, when some weary day  
Of fasting, sickness or remorse has past,  
And brings again a bountiful repast.

## CLXVI.

And then the little world in which they moved  
Resumed its wonted gaiety ;—their friends,—  
Even some who had but recently reproved  
Their indiscretion,—strove to make amends  
For their ill treatment, and perhaps they loved  
Them better now, as persecution tends  
To elevate its objects, and all factions  
Atone for their excesses in reactions !

## CLXVII.

How Randolph bore himself in his affliction,  
Or how he felt and acted when it ended,

Can only be inferred ; a dim conviction

In one of the Professors who attended  
His class, that he had shown a predeliction

For errors which should be at once amended,  
Produced some lectures, and the mild appliances  
Of extra doses of the moral sciences.

## CLXVIII.

Short commons and restraints have great effect

In curing errors of the youthful blood,  
And Randolph soon became so circumspect,

Under the discipline, that no one could  
In conversation or in act detect

A fault or flaw,—until again he stood  
Fair with the faculty, but if sincere  
Or not, I won't assume to settle here.

## CLXIX.

It is sufficient I should state the fact,

And leave to time such further explanation  
Of the real faith and merit of the act,

As those who follow me in this narration

May seek or need ; indeed I've little tact  
In scanning motives or in divination,  
And take events just as I chance to find them,  
With little question what may lurk behind them.

## CLXX.

Their trials past, our lovers met once more,  
And mingled in the pleasures floating round  
them ;  
With the same joyous spirits as before  
Each city ball and rustic pic-nic found them,  
And though in public their deportment bore  
Few of the signs of that deep love which bound  
them,  
They did not always lack some fit occasions  
Of making more congenial demonstrations.

## CLXXI.

When Love and Learning wander hand in hand  
They make our path in youth a fair and bright  
one,  
And though sometimes the way is winding, and  
Not what the old and wise would call the right  
one,

If made, like those at Princeton, in the sand,  
An erring foot-print is at least a light one,  
And disappears beneath the passing showers  
Of genial skies, and yields to spring's first flowers.

## CLXXII.

It is no wonder, then, that Princeton's shades,  
Thus mingling with their charms of Attic lore,  
The brighter beauties of such witching maids,  
Should still to Freshman and to Sophomore  
Be dear, or that the dim and deep arcades  
Of the old forests that around it soar  
Should seem as fair as the Gargettian's grove.  
And breathe as pure an air of life and love.

## CLXXIII.

Nor is it to be wonder'd at that he,  
Our ardent hero, soon so far progress'd  
In logic, morals and philosophy,  
And all the arts with which our schools are  
blessed,  
As to attain a very high degree,  
And was, moreover, flattered and caress'd

For the extent and soundness of his knowledge,  
Gather'd outside, as well as in, the college.

## CLXXIV.

His skill in logic very clearly shone  
In proving that whatever he most wanted  
Was really, truly, and in fact his own,—  
For while his burning eloquence enchanted,  
And all his soul seem'd into language thrown,  
His premises were always promptly granted,  
And his conclusions were so very clear  
You could not deem them anything but fair.

## CLXXV.

For instance,—but I'm only now supposing  
A case which probably did not arise,—  
But just imagine him for once reposing  
On some fair lap—say Linda's—while the skies  
Their starry curtains are around him closing,  
And the sweet light of loved and loving eyes,  
Whose lustre makes the brightest stars seem dim,  
Now shine above, and fondly gaze on him.

## CLXXVI.

Suppose him asking of those eyes a boon.—

A kiss, a token, pledge or, what you will,—  
And lo! how freely, ardently and soon

The gift repays his eloquence and skill;—  
“Oh! light of Love, whose warm and cheering  
noon

Is all I ask of life and youth to fill  
My days with happiness, say wilt thou crown  
My hopes with smiles, or crush them with a  
frown?

## CLXXVII.

“Thy smiles are sunshine, and thy frown the  
storm,—

That lights to being, this but leads to death,—  
And thou, alone, my soul canst wake and warm  
And give my bosom vital hope and breath;  
Say wilt thou weave for me this glowing charm  
Of life,— or doom me to despair beneath  
Thy cold neglect,—’tis thine to save or slay,  
And make my world eternal night or day?

## CLXXVIII.

“If then, thou wouldst not heedlessly destroy  
A soul so much, so wholly in thy power,  
Lift it at once to life, and hope, and joy,  
And heaven shall bless and sanctify the hour ;  
While, in the future, shall the archer boy  
Bestrew our path with many a cheering flower,  
To glad our footsteps with their varied bloom  
Or soothe our slumbers with their sweet perfume.”

## CLXXIX.

With syllogistic argument relieving  
His burning lips, he thus closed his appeal,—  
“Young hearts, (his major,) were not made for  
grieving,  
And ours, (his minor,) are still fresh, and feel  
This happy truth, and (therefore) thus believing  
’Tis vain the dear conclusion to conceal,—  
If not for grief, we must be born to prove  
The joys that spring from mutual faith and love!”

## CLXXX.

Of course the proof was satisfactory,  
And she at once admitted the conclusion ;

What else could any maid do but agree  
With love and logic pour'd in such profusion  
Into a willing ear? or how could she  
Suppose his passion was a mere illusion,  
When all he uttered seem'd so very real,—  
And surely what true lovers say, they feel!

## CLXXXI.

Ah me! how many a simple-minded maid,  
With just this sort of unsuspecting reason  
To the undoing of her hopes betrayed  
Drinks with delight love's sophistry and treason,  
When, if her lover's words were justly weighed,  
Her prudent counsels would not fail to seize on  
Their true import, and save from spoil or harm  
Each treasured hope and every blooming charm!

## CLXXXII.

“Oh ye of little faith!” beware the fire  
Prepared for doubters in the world to come;  
Yours is a cheerless path through mud and mire,—  
A life of chilling frosts and sunless gloom,—

But, ye too credulous creatures of desire,  
Beware an equal, though an earthly doom !  
'Tis yours to waste your days in burning dreams,  
Nor taste of joy, except in fitful gleams !

## CLXXXIII.

And, oh ! ye unsophisticated misses,  
Who, whether jilt or jilted, still believe  
The glowing promises of endless blisses  
Which sighing lovers ever breathe, I grieve  
To think how often you will find their kisses,  
Like those of Judas, given to deceive,  
And that their oaths, sighs, promises and pledges  
Are only misery's gilded entering wedges.

## CLXXXIV.

Than some, I grant, no saint could be more pure,  
But like angelic visits, these are few,  
And, what is more deplorable, still fewer  
Who, true at first, continue to be true ;  
Time, change of climate, fortune, all obscure  
Their graven vows, and mar the tablets, too ;  
The very best of them need constant watching,—  
The worst are worse than any eels for catching.

## CLXXXV.

In truth, a lover's heart is like the moon,—  
Above the earth, and yet no part of heaven ;  
Amid the clouds and vapors that festoon  
Their airy orbits, they are whirl'd and driven,  
Between conflicting forces that too soon  
In darkness wrap the beams to either given ;—  
While each is glorious only in the night,  
And shine at best but in reflected light.

## CLXXXVI.

But I am wandering from my story's theme  
And must return again. I left my lovers  
Just as each waking from a pleasant dream,  
New charms in t'other all at once discovers :  
But lest their conduct in the least should seem  
Suspicious, I'll dispel the doubt that hovers  
Around them, if indeed a doubt can find  
A place in any candid reader's mind.

## CLXXXVII.

We left them, I repeat in that sweet mood  
When, pleased themselves, and happy in each other,

They felt a new-born spirit warm their blood,  
They could not analyse and would not smother,  
And Linda being as confident as good,  
Pour'd out her heart in words as to a brother,  
Not dreaming there was any harm in telling  
The thoughts that from her guileless heart were  
swelling.

## CLXXXVIII.

Indeed she almost deem'd herself alone  
In some sweet bower or mansion of the blest,  
Where she might hold communion with her own  
Unsullied soul, without one envious guest  
To darken or destroy the light that shone,  
In golden dreams, through her delighted breast,  
And what she said or murmur'd, I am clear,  
Was not intended for another's ear.

## CLXXXIX.

But still her gentle murmurings were heard  
By one whose every rapt and eager sense  
Drank in each sigh, and thrill'd with every word  
She breathed or whispered ; and the eloquence

Of her bright cheek and eye within him stirr'd  
The very fountains of those passions, whence  
Love springs to being, and to lead or blind,  
Warms, dazzles, blesses or betrays mankind.

## CXC.

What 'twas she said or sigh'd, I won't pretend,  
With any kind of certainty, to mention,  
Nor what he did, to name ; I apprehend  
Both may be guess'd, with very slight invention,  
But lest I should be called on to defend  
This observation from misapprehension,  
I here protest, with most emphatic stress  
Against th' injustice of a wicked guess.

## CXCI.

Perhaps one long and burning kiss was given ;  
Perhaps,—but I'm not certain,—they embraced ;  
Perhaps their thoughts were more of earth than  
heaven,—  
That's probable,---and that their hopes were  
placed,

Less in those crowns for which the saints have  
striven,

Than in those promises, so clearly traced  
On their young hearts by rosy Love's bright finger,  
And in whose faith they would forever linger.

## CXCH.

And if when this, their first love's earliest dream,  
Had passed its radiant but too fleeting noon,  
They, trembling, sank beneath its melting beam,  
And in a soft and soothing languor soon  
Forgot the world,—let not the envious deem  
Them guilty thus to share so sweet a boon ;—  
For one may take a very harmless nap  
Pillowed upon a pure and gentle lap.

## CXCH.

How long their calm and innocent repose  
Might, if not suddenly disturbed, have lasted,  
I know not, but I grieve to say they rose,  
Startled, to see their brightest visions blasted ;  
Closed round by several unrelenting foes  
To joys they were suspected to have tasted,

They woke amid a torch-glare to discover  
An angry father and a jealous lover ;—

## CXCIV.

And with them a demure and sly professor  
Of ethics, who, invet'rately pragmatic,  
Delighted to expose each young transgressor,  
And punish the mischievous and erratic ;  
Besides some six or seven spies of lesser  
Importance, who, as piously emphatic  
In dealing out anathemas to sinners,—  
Loved scandal better than they did their dinners.

## CXCIV.

Of course they made a scene ;—of course the sire  
Swore, as he raved, enough to shock a saint ;  
While Linda, trembling at the old man's ire,  
Scarcely knew whether she should fly or faint ;  
St. Charles waxed warm, but smother'd up his fire  
Until his sneaking rival, whose complaint  
Brought this pursuit, was near enough to feel  
The iron vengeance of his hand and heel.

## CXCVI.

Then dealing one resistless, hearty blow  
He felled the meddling miscreant to the ground,  
And though there was no very copious flow  
Of blood from such an unexpected wound,  
There was enough to let the others know  
They ran some risk in hemming thus around  
A strong and fearless youth, who stood beside  
One for whose sake he would have freely died.

## CXCVII.

They, therefore, prudently resolved to treat,  
And try the influence of expostulation,  
But lifting Linda gently from his feet,  
Where she had crept and crouch'd in trepidation  
Randolph exclaimed "I am prepared to meet  
And answer any, every accusation  
Your malice may suggest, but this is not,  
For such a scene, the most appropriate spot.

## CXCVIII.

"Your daughter, sir, I will at once return  
To your parental arms, although I'd rather

Retain her still in mine; I blush and burn  
With shame, to see her indiscreet old father  
Expose so sweet a creature to the scorn  
Of the vile gossips that around him gather,  
To witness the reproach he casts upon her,  
In thus insisting on his own dishonor.

## CXCIX.

“Go, take her, she is yours,—she might be mine  
If you were wise or she were free,”—“No never!”  
Replied the sire, “shall such a flow’ret twine  
Its blossoms round thy trunk again, or ever  
Within the shadows of a libertine  
Wither and fade away, and thus I sever  
The tie that bound her to thee, and may heaven  
Cast thee, as I do from me, unforgiven.”

## CC.

Upon the word, the angry father rushed  
To where his trembling child bewildered stood,  
With senses stun’d and spirits almost crushed,  
And bore her off; the gossips all cried “good,”—

But in a moment every tongue was hush'd,  
As, turning, they beheld the mounting blood  
Of Randolph tinge his cheek,—to phrenzy stir'd  
By the deep malice of that dubious word.

## CCI.

Poor Linda shrieked and struggled, but in vain;  
The hands that held her in their friendly clasp,  
And bound her in their amiable chain  
Would not forego the kindness of their grasp;—  
Their love was manifested by its pain,  
Like that of hapless Cleopatra's asp,  
Which in the most accommodating way,  
Kept every foe, except itself, at bay.

## CCII.

As you may guess, the whole affair soon went,  
From mouth to mouth, the neighborhood around,  
While every gossip, once upon the scent  
For scandal, took the cry up like a hound,  
And when at fault, turned only to invent  
Additions to the tale, 'till Randolph found  
Himself the hero of at least a score  
Of scrapes he had not dream'd about before.

## CCIII.

The sequel was to him a final leave

Of absence from the college, though but then  
Scarce three years there :—for this he did not grieve,

But never to behold her face again  
Caused him a pang, which nothing could relieve,  
Save time, the comforter, who soothes us, when  
No other friend or counsel can impart  
Hope, joy or peace to an o'erburthen'd heart.

## CCIV.

Poor Linda, still in tears, with all dispatch,

Was sent away to a remote relation,—  
A maiden aunt,—whose hospitable thatch  
Secured a shelter from renew'd temptation ;  
And where her prudent friends arranged a match,  
Whose sudden close and speedy consummation  
So dazzled and o'erjoyed her rustic lover,  
He never dream'd that he was but a cover.

## CCV.

Randolph returned to his parental roof

In the rich teeming valley of fair York,

And for a season kept himself aloof,  
From company, that solitude might work  
A cure for disappointments, which are proof  
Against the balm of counsel, and still lurk  
Beneath the smiles which pride or duty wears,  
To blind the world, or ward its friendly cares.

## CCVI.

But he was not of that unhappy frame  
Of mind or temper that could long despond ;  
And soon their wonted warmth and spirit came  
Back to his eye and cheek again, beyond  
The power of melancholy to reclaim ;  
In short, he felt the force of nature's bond,  
And so, with all his strength of soul and heart,  
Resolved once more to play his proper part,

## CCVII.

In life's great drama, and if he could not  
Forget the pain of its first stirring scene,  
He was determin'd not to mar the plot  
Which, or by providence or fate, had been

Plan'd for his destiny, career or lot:

As doctors doubt the uses of the spleen,  
He more than doubted that to be splenetic  
Was either very pleasant or pathetic.

## CCVIII.

He therefore gave himself once more to those  
Congenial and approved pursuits that fling  
Flowers on the tide in which existence flows  
From the bright sunny fountains of its spring,  
And which not only dissipate our woes,  
But very often in their progress bring  
Such sweet suggestions of a present bliss  
That former joys seem dull compar'd with this.

## CCIX.

And one such happy inspiration came  
In Ada's form to fix his wandering gaze,—  
To wake with new-born life, the smouldering flame  
Of love within him, 'till its kindling blaze  
Should warm him to a sense of the true aim  
Of his proud being, or, with colder rays,

Dazzle awhile his quick and eager sight,  
And leave him to a darker, deeper night.

## CCX.

Ada was young and beautiful ; her eyes  
Were large and pensive, and as bright a blue  
As ever lighted up Italian skies :  
Her wavy hair was of the raven's hue,  
Her lip, the corals ; while the rosy dyes  
Of health, in all its freshness, sparkled through  
Her cheek, and gave to quite a charming face  
A constant, though an ever varying grace.

## CCXI.

Her form was light and airy, and she seem'd  
A being born to love and be beloved ;—  
Just such a one of whom we all have dream'd  
In boyhood, ere our sad experience proved  
That the fair creatures whom we angels deem'd  
Were merely human !—and it well behoved  
Our hero, when he met her, to beware  
The risk of gazing upon one so fair.

## CCXII.

And Randolph felt the force of such attractions :

At first but as a mere spectator might,  
For he still thought of Linda, and his actions  
In Ada's presence merely seemed polite;  
But, though he struggled against such reactions  
He could not school himself to master quite  
A love for Ada, which indeed grew stronger  
With every check, 'till 'twould be check'd no  
longer.

## CCXIII.

Indeed he soon began to doubt the truth

Of all his dreams of Linda, and debated  
Whether she had a being, or, in sooth,

Was not some vision fancy had created  
To wile away the idle hours of youth :

Of this he was quite sure, that love was dated  
In him with Ada's happy advent, and  
All former passions seem'd but "stairs of sand."

## CCXIV.

But I will neither hint nor indicate

The fortune fate had yet for him in store,

It spoils a story to anticipate  
Its moral or catastrophe, before  
The proper time ; and so I neither state  
What may or may not happen, and I more  
Than doubt if he had perfectly recover'd  
From his first love,—but that must be discover'd.

## CCXV.

First love, they say, is ever pure and strong,  
And with undying constancy survives  
Youth, beauty, fame and fortune, but among  
The multitude of husbands and of wives,  
Lovers and maids, old, middle aged or young,  
Thrice jilted or twice married, no one gives  
The slightest clue to tell us why or whence is  
This mystic passion, or when it commences.

## CCXVI.

If you appeal to those who have been married,  
And, now divorced or widow'd, feel anew  
The happy inspiration which they carried  
To hymen's altar when their years were few,

They'll tell you youthful indiscretion hurried  
Their early choice, and that they never knew  
What true love was, 'till, by experience wise,  
They found it more in purses than in eyes.

## CCXVII.

Old maids protest,—and I will not dispute  
Their allegations,—that their hearts can never  
Throb twice to love's sweet touch, but, like a lute,  
Once rudely broken, is unstrung forever ;  
And yet I know not one who'd scorn the suit  
Of an old bachelor, if rich and clever ;—  
Not that they sigh for love's long lost delights,  
But,—just to cheer their lonely winter nights.

## CCXVIII.

I don't mean to reflect upon the sex,  
In thus appending to their faith a practice  
Common to all, for bachelors perplex.  
The question mooted quite as much, the fact is  
The subject is so subtle and complex  
That the most patient searcher would distract his  
Brains to no purpose, to attempt to prove  
How often, when, or why we mortals love.

## CCXIX.

The truth is,—just as every one may find it

In his or her own case,—the heart is not  
Obedient to the will, nor can we bind it

To any fixed philosophy or spot ;  
Pursuing meteors which mislead and blind it,  
It wanders often without aim or plot,  
And in the lab'rinth which its hopes derange,  
Is only constant to a constant change.

## CCXX.

But I have really nothing more to do

With human hearts in general, than t'explain  
The course my hero may henceforth pursue

In that almost inexplicable chain  
Of circumstances, which we all pass through  
Before the grave or goal of life we gain ;  
And so, lest my philosophy should bore ye  
I'll let my hero finish out the story.

## CCXXI.

Yet I must first in justice here premise

That Ada was not only fair and pretty,

But to the charms of form, and grace, and eyes,  
Added the mental worth of being witty;  
Born beneath Maryland's warm, sunny skies,  
And nurtured in the Monumental City,  
She joined the powers of nature and of art  
To grace her manners and expand her heart.

## CCXXII.

How, when or where they met, I need not state;  
For when such meetings end in love, the place,  
The manner, circumstances and the date  
Are unimportant, so I will not trace  
The progress of their wooing, nor narrate  
How every day developed some new grace  
In each, until inseparable grown,  
Their very beings melted into one.

## CCXXIII.

And wandering over hills, by purling streams,  
Or musing in the light of some bright star,  
They lived but in the sweet and golden dreams  
Of love and hope, until, as if to mar

And rob their future of its sunny beams,  
Came the dark clouds and the wild notes of war,  
And Randolph, waking to ambition, found  
New inspiration in that thrilling sound.

## CCXXIV.

He grew, I say, ambitious, and he sought  
With all the ardor natural to his age,  
That crown of glory which, by valor bought,  
Outshines the colder honors of the sage,  
And battle's heavy breath to him came fraught  
With Fame's rich perfume only, and to wage  
War in his country's high and holy cause  
Seem'd full of promise of a world's applause.

## CCXXV.

In this he felt and acted like most men  
Just entering on life's rough and thorny way,  
When every motive tends to good, and when  
Our fellows seem the characters they play :  
“ Our Country ” and “ the world, ” are words which  
then  
Inspire our hearts with more than magic sway ;

And if to strike for *that*, may win renown  
From *this*, what care we who may sneer or frown ?

## CCXXVI.

It is, I know, a glorious task to plead  
The cause of helpless innocence, when wrong  
And power assail it ; and when, in their need,  
The weak appeal for succor 'gainst the strong,  
To save is noble,—but the warrior's meed,—  
The dazzling triumph, and the grateful song,—  
That crowns and sanctifies victorious arms,  
Will ever wear, to youth, more winning charms.

## CCXXVII.

And even older heads are apt to turn  
Their thoughts from civic labors to the martial,  
When, rendered wise by long neglect, they learn  
That man in nothing else is so impartial  
As when repaying with contempt and scorn  
His benefactors, and resolve that war shall  
Square *their* accounts of unrequited good,  
And wash *his* sins and vices out in blood.

## CCXXVIII.

It is a pity that ingratitude

Should turn the current of our best intentions  
Back on our hearts, to mar the little good

That lurks within them, and that all pretensions  
To multiply earth's stores of wealth and food,

By art's most civil and sublime inventions,  
Should be regarded with less favor than  
The schemes that crush,—the skill that slaughters  
man.

## CCXXIX.

Yet such has been earth's policy and practice ;

So Coriolanus, driven from his home  
By a base mob, was forced to re-enact his

Unequal'd prowess 'gainst that very Rome  
His sword had saved and glorified ; the fact is

So little glory from our virtues come,  
That rising heroes have become quite callous  
Whether they mount a pulpit, throne or gallows.

## CCXXX.

I will not urge the justice or the moral

Of the effect or cause,—both may be right ;

At least the world so acts, and I'll not quarrel  
With its proceedings, though, perhaps, I might ;  
For if man's woes, wants, crimes and sufferings are  
all

Mere accidents in Time's remorseless flight,—  
As it would seem,—he who would stay their course  
Is but a dreamer, if not something worse.

## CCXXXI.

I know that he who would remove a cancer,  
Reform an age, or cure a tooth-ache, must  
Conceal the instrument, or he may answer  
With his own head for being kind or just,  
And he who would a principle advance, or  
Do aught to lift mankind up from the dust,  
Or give advice which creed or party shocks,  
Will find his kindness well repaid in knocks.

## CCXXXII.

I've tried it, and I know the bitter fact ;  
I know, too, that the fear of doing evil  
Is more applauded than a virtuous act,  
Done with the sole desire of being civil.

And he who, with a non-committal tact,  
Seems most a saint when most he plays the devil  
Will win the highest honors and rewards  
Which man to cant so willingly accords.

## CCXXXIII.

But war-won glories are substantial things,  
Such as may occupy a manly soul ;  
They form and feed the highest hopes of kings,  
Illumine art, spread commerce, and control  
Man's highest destinies, while history brings  
The brightest offerings of her glowing scroll  
To those who mount, amid a peal of groans,  
From fields of blood, to pow'r and fame and thrones.

## CCXXXIV.

What matters it that fabled Justice poises  
An even scale, and wears a threatening sword?  
Hood-wink'd, she in her ears alone rejoices,  
And must, of course, take men upon their word,  
And those who have the most persuasive voices,  
Though black as sin, may win her to accord  
Renown, wealth, power, preferment, place and fame,  
While modest merit, silent, droops in shame.

## CCXXXV.

And so ambition, even though honest, turns  
From the obscure and weed-grown paths of peace,  
Where Virtue's taper lights so dimly burn  
They seem but set to show its darknesses,  
And in the light of worldly wisdom learns  
To look for good alone in victories,  
Wrung by a strong and daring hand from those  
Whom passion, law or faith proclaims its foes.

## CCXXXVI.

The patient vigils which invention keeps,  
That she may to a thankless world unfold  
The treasures that lie hid in ocean's deeps,  
Or earth's rich mines of bright and tempting gold,  
Bring no reward ; for what cares he that sleeps  
In idle ease for those who tempt the cold,  
The pain and weariness of all such toil ?  
Their lot is but to labor,—his, the spoil !

## CCXXXVII.

Success alone is virtue, and the man  
Who can achieve it, at whatever cost,

Shall rank among the greatest ;—if he can  
But win the general voice, although he boast  
Nor skill nor merit human praise shall fan  
His aspirations to the uttermost  
Of their upreaching, as the Gallic herd  
Now laud their great Napoleon the Third !

## CCXXXVIII.

His case is quite in point, for we remember  
His pitiless imprisonment at Ham, <sup>(18)</sup>  
Where, o'er his royal hopes' last dying ember,  
He heard his princely name pronounced a sham ;  
But, lo ! how one short night in dark December,  
A *coup d'etat*, a bold, successful flam,  
Has changed his fortunes ; and behold the men  
Now sing his praise who ridiculed him then.

## CCXXXIX.

Who frowns then, if my hero grasps the brand  
His sturdy father wore and wielded well  
At Saratoga, when the groaning land  
Ran crimson with the blood of foes that fell

Upon that field, as to the reaper's hand  
Falls the ripe grain? shall Mexico not tell  
As proud a tale of deeds of valor done  
By that bright falchion wielded by the son?

## CCXL.

Let them frown on, he only heeds the call  
Of duty in the stirring cry "to arms!"  
And yet his heart confessed a gentler thrall  
And own'd an equal spell in Ada's charms!  
And thus, as fortune ever deals with all  
Whose genial souls each kindlier impulse warms,  
He stood perplexed between that sense of duty,  
And this sweet influence of persuasive beauty.

## CCXLI.

Which shall he follow?—rugged man will say  
"Let weeping beauty spread her wiles in vain,  
And never with a kiss or smile betray  
The patriot to the lover's golden chain!"  
While woman, living in the bright to-day,  
Would win him wholly to her bless'd domain,  
Where only Love, amid a world of flowers,  
Rules the rapt heart and leads the laughing hours.

## CCXLII.

Alas! that love and duty should so often  
Lead our unsteady steps in differing ways!  
Sure love was given to mitigate and soften  
The sterner calls of duty, and displays  
Its power for good, when, lifting us aloft on  
Hopes that have wings, we jump the weary maze  
Of plodding toil; and proves a snare indeed,  
When it would charm us only to mislead.

## CCXLIII.

But sometimes its perverseness is but seeming,  
Because we will not listen to its voice;  
Certes, a god whose impulses are teeming  
With all we count most gen'rous, can't rejoice  
In urging us astray; we err in deeming  
That love impels us ever to the choice  
Of what our duty would reject; he may  
Sometimes bewilder, but will not betray.

## CCXLIV.

And thus our hero proved, as now he turn'd  
From Ada's arms to dare the lists of fame;

For though his high and noble spirit burn'd  
With manly ardor, when the summons came  
That call'd him to the battle-field, he learn'd  
That love and duty are in truth the same;  
And that the grief a hero might discover  
To leave his mistress, only proved the lover.

## CCXLV.

Their parting was like other partings are,  
When kindred hearts are sever'd for awhile,  
Full of forebodings, doubts and fears that mar  
And crush the hopes we cherish'd to beguile  
Our happier moments, when love's polar star  
Shone out undimm'd, and nature wore a smile  
Where'er we gazed, while, brighter than her skies  
Beam'd on and through us loved and loving eyes.

## CCXLVI.

And yet they did not rave in tender madness,  
Nor "make a scene," like widows when they mean  
To show, by public and unseemly sadness  
Over their dear dead lords, that they have been

Most cruelly bereaved,—and having had less  
Of joys connubial than they should have seen,  
Prove by their grief that such bereavement merits  
A kindly hand to “bind their broken spirits.”

## CCXLVII.

Nor had they learned to look for consolation  
In other smiles, for those now turned to tears,  
To seek in heartless amours and flirtation  
That wretched substitute for love, which wears  
The heart away to dust and desolation,  
And mocks us most even when it most appears  
To soothe or charm ; for these are tricks of time  
With which old sinners compromise with crime.

## CCXLVIII.

But he was young and brave, she pure and fair,  
And both were happy in the golden dreams  
That love and hope with youth and beauty share ;  
No cloud had yet obscured the cheering beams  
That lighted up their future, 'till despair  
Came now at parting, which to either seems  
The grave of every joy—the present, past—  
And if their first, oh ! will it be their last ?

## CCXLIX.

I grieve to think such hearts should ever know  
Aught of the changes time delights to bring ;  
The doubts, the jealousies which weed-like grow  
In the damp shadows of his ruthless wing,  
Which in their poisonous exhalations throw  
A blight on all the flowers of life's glad spring ;—  
Oh ! that a draught from youth's perennial stream  
Might render real and lasting "love's young dream."

## CCL.

I do not mean to throw suspicion on  
Their present vows of future constancy,  
For, though I dread the perils they must run,  
I will not question their fidelity ;  
And yet, I must confess, if they could shun  
The accidents of absence, I should be  
More confident,—but why anticipate  
What may or may not be their faith or fate ?

## CCLI.

I will not say he was a paragon  
Of excellence in all things, or pretend

That she of frailties or of faults had none,  
For there are few in whom the virtues blend  
Without alloy of vice;—from sire to son  
We all are born to err, and, in the end,  
The human race, with all its good and evil,  
Will vary little from a general level.

## CCLII.

I will not paint the woe with which they parted,  
I will not echo here their bitter sighs,—  
It is enough that she seemed broken hearted,—  
Of course,—and he could scarce command his  
eyes,  
To which a manly tear of sorrow started,  
And told the feelings he would fain disguise;—  
I leave these tender touches of emotion  
To every reader's sympathetic notion.

## CCLIII.

But while I thus their private grief suppress,  
I can't forego the pleasure of imparting  
The nobler sentiments of their distress,  
Because, although with unfeign'd anguish smart-  
ing,

They show'd more wisdom if their tears were less,  
Than many lovers do at such a parting,  
And their example to the world commends  
Itself,—I, therefore, give it to my friends.

## CCLIV.

“I go, dear Ada,”—thus our hero said,  
As struggling to repress his sadness, he  
Embraced and soothed the still disponding maid,—  
“To meet my country's enemies, and be  
One of that band that never yet betray'd  
Her soil or people, but whose chivalry  
Has been the bulwark of her hope and power  
In fortune's direst day and darkest hour.

## CCLV.

“I go, with willing heart and ready hand,  
To battle in that country's hallow'd cause,  
Not as a mercenary, whose vile brand  
A hireling's mean ambition only draws,  
But as a soldier, faithful to the land  
That gives him liberty and equal laws,

And though our parting grieves her, still I feel  
My Ada will not chide her patriot's zeal.

## CCLVI.

“And when her Randolph shall triumphant come  
Back to her arms, his glad and proud return  
Will dissipate the grief, and break the gloom  
That now oppress her, and she then will learn  
How brightly all our earthly joys can bloom  
When water'd by our tears,—how hope may burn  
When fan'd by sighs, and how the heart forgets,  
In new found bliss, its former fond regrets.

## CCLVII.

“Then shall our hands as now our hearts are, be  
Forever joined, and all our future prove  
One smooth, clear current of felicity,  
Whose surface, flashing in the light of love,  
Shall ever mirror cloudless skies, and we  
The lightest things that on its bosom move,  
Remembering not, in joys that then shall bless,  
The grief that mars our present happiness.

## CCLVIII.

“The sadness that impends shall pass away—  
The love we own forever shall endure,—  
That comes and goes with every fleeting day,—  
This burns eternal, ever bright and pure,—  
Not as a meteor, whose flick’ring ray  
Night’s chilling vapors quench, and mists obscure,  
But as a gen’rous, self-illumin’d sun,  
That warms and gladdens all it shines upon.

## CCLIX.

“Then lift thy bright blue eye with hope once more  
Above the sorrows of the passing hour,  
Up to that heaven which shines so sweetly o’er  
Thy drooping head!—like the reviving flow’r,  
Whose gentle crest is bow’d in grief before  
The boding storm, but rises from the show’r  
More bright and beautiful, thy heart shall borrow  
New light and life from war’s victorious morrow.”

## CCLX.

“But, oh!”—the weeping maiden thus replied,—  
“If that glad morrow should not o’er us shed

Its look'd for light?—if battle's crimson tide  
Should roll above my noble Randolph's head,  
What then shall cheer or soothe his plighted bride?  
Fame cannot teach us to forget the dead,  
And widow'd hearts can only find relief  
In death or madness from an unfeign'd grief.

## CCLXI.

“And yet I cannot, will not, bid thee stay,  
Or weaken with my girlish fears thy hand,  
But cry ‘God speed thee’ in the noble way  
Thy honor points at duty's stern command,  
And if in fear I weep, in hope I'll pray,  
That heaven may shield thee from the foeman's  
brand,  
And, with a speedy, lasting peace, restore  
My laurel'd hero to my arms once more!”

## CCLXII.

They kiss'd and parted, and I'll not prolong  
The story of their present sorrows, but  
Hasten to other subjects of my song,  
And, with a warlike resolution, put

My squadrons in the field, because, ere long,—  
As now our temple's peaceful door is shut,  
And that of war thrown open,—we must beat  
The enemy, or sound a safe retreat!

## CCLXIII.

The latter would be difficult to do,  
For many reasons, but, in chief, because  
The simple, single-minded fellows, who  
Prepared the regulations and the laws  
Which rule our armies and inspire them, too,  
Omitted to prescribe, for some good cause,—  
(Their system 's in all other points complete,)  
The slightest hint or form of a retreat!

## CCLXIV.

Such an omission might the laws derange  
Of other lands, addicted to the sword;  
But our law-makers give us quite a strange  
Interpretation to the very word,  
For in their whole vocabulary's range  
The verb "retreat" is never seen or heard,—  
They use the term but as a noun, to express  
The last parade at evening, call'd "the dress."

## CCLXV.

But I must pause awhile, although my lay,  
It must be own'd, is scarcely yet begun ;  
In truth, I did not measure well the way  
O'er which my Pegasus and I should run,  
In this our opening Canto's cantering day,  
And now, admonish'd by the setting sun,  
We'll close our journey with the fading light,  
And, for a season, " bid the world good night."

## CCLXVI.

To-morrow, if it please you to awake  
The steed and rider, gentle public, we  
Will cheerfully and with new vigor take  
The road again ; but if it should not be  
Your will to hear us further, do not break  
Our slumbers, as we will not care to see  
The sun rise if the morning is not fair,  
But leave us, if you frown, to our despair.

## CCLXVII.

My Pegasus will grieve, no doubt, to think  
His airy curvettings and labors vain,

While I shall much regret the waste of ink,  
And what is sadder still, the waste of brain ;  
Yet, I presume, he'll not refuse his drink,  
And food ambrosial, and, though it may pain  
My pride to know my toil was misdirected,  
Even if you scowl, I shall not die dejected.

## CCLXVIII.

To tell the truth, I have a taste for living,  
And estimate applause at its true worth ;  
A sort of free-and-easy temper giving  
A charm even to the vanities of earth—  
Except its glory, which with all our striving  
Scarce lasts beyond the hour that brings it forth—  
When most we merit it, the fates still doom us  
To that most barren of all fame—posthumous.

## CCLXIX.

What I have written, or may yet indite,  
Was, is, and will be, simply to amuse  
My leisure moments, and, perhaps, to right  
Some wrongs I wot of, though I won't abuse,  
Misrepresent, nor vent my pers'nal spite  
On any creature that walks forth in shoes,

Excepting bards and politicians, who  
Have earn'd my wrath, and may expect it, too.

## CLXX.

For they are ever in a state of war,  
Lampooning and assailing one another ;  
The best of them wears many a moral scar  
Inflicted, Cain-like, by some envious brother ;—  
With rival schemes in one perpetual jar,  
And jealousies they neither hide nor smother,  
They prove, by turns, in their wild chase of fame,  
Base hounds, bad hunters, and, but sorry game.

## CCLXXI.

The sable-coated gentlemen professional  
Are mischievous enough, but they are worse,  
For though by forum, clinic and confessional  
These worry us in stomach, faith and purse,  
They neither shock, like orators congressional,  
Nor plague us, like the modern imps of verse,  
Who, while they rob, afflict and vex the nation,  
Insist upon its grateful admiration.

## CCLXXII.

I have no patience with such graceless creatures,  
And mean to scourge them well on all occasions,  
For 'twere in vain to mollify their natures  
By moral arguments, or mild persuasions,  
And the sole saving point in all their features  
Is that they waste themselves by their abrasions,  
As pebbles, chaffing in an angry flood,  
Cut up each other for the general good.

## CCLXXIII.

My book and motives are, dear public, now  
Before you, for your censure or your praise ;  
If, by your verdict, on my humble brow  
Shall fall the poet's green and glorious bays,  
My song again in tuneful notes shall flow ;  
If not, I'll hoard it up 'till better days  
And fairer critics shall the strain invite,—  
'Till then, once more, with all my heart, "good  
night."



# NOTES TO GUADALOUPE.

## CANTO I.



## CANTO FIRST.

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### NOTE 1.—STANZA III.

“But while a world of headless hands are writing.”

Lord Byron, in resolving the riddle of the authorship of the “Letters of Junius,” asserts, as his own hypothesis, that they were really written by “nobody at all,” and adds,

“I don’t see wherefore letters should not be

Written without hands, since we daily view

Them written without heads; and books, we see,

Are fill’d as well without the latter, too.”

*Vision of Judgment.*

### NOTE 2.—STANZA V.

“The drama is my forte, but gods and men,

Since Boker’s advent, have, in horror, damn’d

Each luckless wight that wields a tragic pen;”

After the laudations, loud and wide, which have been heaped upon the plays of Mr. Boker, by newspapers and magazines, in and out of Philadelphia, I will not presume to set up my private opinion against their public, and, no doubt, disinterested judgments. I will not deny that he has ability

for dramatic compensation. But I would suggest whether any young gentleman of a "poetic temperament" would not, in these latter days, be better employed in some other branch of the business. Until Shakspeare shall be forgotten, they have a small chance of being remembered.

Sartain's Magazine for June, 1851, contains a flattering essay on Mr. Boker's plays, by Charles G. Leland, in which the writer, speaking of the "Betrothal," uses the following singular language: "With the *single exception* of Costanza, who is a high, pure, perfect type of maidenhood, worthy of a place beside *the most exquisite conceptions of Shakspeare*, there is *no character* in the entire play very remarkable for either *originality* or *elevation*."

This is certainly one of the most extraordinary combinations of "faint praise," and ultra puffing ever compressed in the same compass.

Mr. Boker has written much miscellaneous matter, in addition to his plays, the last, if not the best, of which is an "Ode to England," published in the "Philadelphia Evening Bulletin," of March 27, 1855. It was praised by the publisher of that journal, and is certainly entitled to be ranked among the remarkable productions of this remarkable literary era. I give the opening and closing lines, as samples of its coherency, logic, elegance of diction, and fitness of allegory!

"Oh! days of shame! Oh, days of woe!

Of helpless shame, of helpless woe!

The times reveal thy nakedness,

Thy utter weakness, deep distress.

There is no help in all the land:

Thy eyes may wander to and fro,

Yet find no succor."

After sufficiently deploring this truly deplorable and helpless condition of England, Mr. Boker very oddly tells the old lady to seek the succor which she can't find, in this wise :

“Rear up the strong, the feeble lop;”

\* \* \* \* \*

“I swear the soul still lives in thee !—

Down to the lowest atoms drop,

Down to the very dregs, and stir

The People to the top!”

### NOTE 3.—CANTO VI.

“And if that was, of such a mass, the best,  
God help the men who had to read the rest.”

Among the means and appliances adopted by Barnum, some years ago, to resuscitate the Crystal Palace, of New York,—that wretched imitation of the World's Fair at London,—was an offer of \$150 for the best ode, and lesser sums for inferior lyrics,—to be sung or chaunted at the galvanic revival. It was supposed that these tempting offers would stimulate the poetic industry of the nation, and produce something really remarkable in the way of lyrical composition. In quantity, the committee were gratified to a charm. They were completely flooded with the tide of song poured in upon them. How they were suited in the quality of the article, may be inferred from a perusal of the ode which won for its author the aforesaid \$150, and immortal renown. Here it is in full.

## PRIZE ODE.

*To be sung at the Re-inauguration of the Crystal Palace,  
New York, May 4, 1854.*

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Lo! the transitory darkness  
From our Palace floats away,  
Lo! the glorious *gems of Genius*  
Glitter in the rising day.

See again the mighty Nations  
Meet and clasp each other's palms,  
And by Labor's glowing altar  
Lift on high *according psalms*.

Here behold the true Evangel!  
Not from war may earth increase;  
God has stamped his *shining patent*  
Only on the brow of Peace.

Only by the arm of Labor,  
*Swinging to Invention's chime*,  
Can the Nations build their Eden,  
In the wilderness of Time.

*Nations hear that mighty music,  
Rolling through the mountain bars—  
Planting deserts, bridging oceans,*  
MARRYING THE CHORAL STARS.

Telling that our Crystal Palace,  
    *Glorifies the joyous sod—*  
Making Man, with Art and Nature,  
    Worthy of the *Builder*—God!

Nations then rejoice that darkness,  
    From our Palace floats away,  
And the glowing gems of genius,  
    Glitter in the light of day.

This poem, so full of the most sublime imagery, was so much superior to all the others offered, that the judges declined awarding the second prize to any body. They did right. Such an effort should forever stand alone. It is a pity that its “gems of genius,”—“shining patents,”—and “chimes of invention” could not save the Palace. The “transitory darkness,” unhappily, settled into a permanent gloom, and Barnum retired, under cover of its shadows.

P. S.—I was not aware that God was the “builder” of the Palace, until informed of that fact by Mr. Wallace, in the sixth verse of his Ode, and I am rather at a loss to imagine, as he has not explained, how the Dutch, Irish, Chinese and English, can be made to sing “according psalms!”

NOTE 4.—STANZA VII.

“Hirst,—vide Behemoth,—has proved the folly  
    Of writing what cannot be understood,—  
    See also his Pantheon.”

I regret that I am not able to quote from Hirst's very astonishing poem on the great mystic beast of the prairie. I

have, luckily, some of his "Pantheon," over the signature of Endymion, at hand, from which I extract the following drop-sical description of Neptune.

"Lord of the boundless waves, *seapotent dread!*  
 From pole to pole, through every varying zone,  
 Thy mighty liquid empire is outspread  
 Immeasurable, matchless and *alone*:  
 The sea obeys thee, and, at thy command,  
 Is calm or troublous; *and* the trembling land,  
 Smit by the mace of thy *dread* sovereignty,  
 Earth-shaking Neptune, owns its *fealty to thee*."

Neptune ought to be obliged to Mr. Hirst, for giving him the sovereignty of the land, as well as of the sea. But Mr. Hirst has a passion for the *outré* and the *dreadful*. With him every thing is a dread, except some pleasant beverages for which he has lately shown too great a fondness. In his "Jupiter Brontetes," he speaks of the Titans thus;—

"With *dread* consent the disembattled bands," &c.

And again, in alluding to Jupiter waxing wrothy, he says,—

"Then waking all his wrath, th' olympian sire  
 Shook his *dread* hair," &c., &c.

But this is really too dreadful a subject to dwell upon.

#### NOTE 5.—STANZA IX.

"Greek Girls are not my weakness, and I leave  
 To Simmons all such wandering, wanton things."

The "Greek Girl," a tale in two cantos, by James Wright

Simmons, published by Monroe & Co., Boston, 1852, as an evidence of poetic skill, is creditable to the author. Many of its passages bespeak genius of the highest order, but the sentiment is morbid, and the moral more than questionable. He seems to have picked up his heroine only for the purpose of casting her loose again upon society, fully bent upon and armed for mischief. As a picture of life, as it is, a poet may be excused for painting bad characters and actions, but he should never descend from the true dignity of his art, seriously to commend them for imitation or praise.

## NOTE 6.—STANZA X.

“And ‘Sylvan Scenes’ have been so ably drawn,  
By Spear’s too idle pen,” &c.

I consider Thomas G. Spear, of Philadelphia, one of the best poets of the age. I say best, because he unites in his writings an excellent taste in the choice of subjects, a smooth and flowing style in their embodiment, and an unexceptionable diction and morality in his language and illustrations. I regret that he has not published more than he has yet brought to the public eye, and I trust that his adventures in California have given him golden subjects and opportunities for future excursions in his own delightful and peculiar realm of poesy.

## NOTE 7.—STANZA XVII.

“The very flowers, whose gorgeous colors seem  
But given to beautify and glad the earth.”

“Plants are poisonous and antidotal. Many of them, and

shrubs, have means of defence. These means are the prickles and thorns with which we find them armed. The euphorbia, the cactus, and other similar plants, are in a good degree preserved by their thorns from violence. The gardener may protect the rose in the green-house, but it relies upon its own means of protection in the field." See notes to "the Republic of the United States of America," page 34, where some interesting descriptions of the viper's fang, the heron's claw, and the woodpecker's bill, are quoted from "Paley's Natural Philosophy."

See also note to Stanza XLI.

NOTE 8.—STANZA XLI.

—— "If God so much all strife abhors,  
Why did he arm our fighting cocks with spurs?"

The author of an interesting and able work, entitled "The Republic of the United States of America," published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1848, makes the following observations on the principles of war:

"We find the principle of war in all things, even in Peace Societies against war. It may be seen in the elements, as displayed in the tempests of the sky, and upon the billows of the mighty deep. It may be found in the earth, in its soils and substances, in the countless forms of vegetable growth, in their processes of decay and reproduction. It may be seen in the insect world, as illustrated by its system of defence, conquest and destruction. It may be seen in the viper's fang, in the heron's claw, and in the woodpecker's tongue. It may be seen in the lion's tooth, and in the eye of the monarch of

the sea. It may be seen in all things which have life and growth; in the means of defence with which they are supplied, implying power of attack and resistance. If we look into society, we find the elements of war in the defence which is given to liberty of person, of property, and of life. In violation of law, all are taken by common consent of society. The vagrant is fined, the criminal punished, and the murderer hanged. Here we find violence to meet violence, even between individuals, where a milder course is practicable, and would prove more efficient; and yet before this step is taken, nations are called upon to denounce war, when all other remedies, in the present condition of the world, are impracticable. All reforms commence with the individual, and, after passing through the various conventional circles, reach the nation. Let the commencement be seen before the end is demanded."

NOTE 9.—STANZA XLVIII.

"And let me ask, what would the world now be  
If all the priceless harvests, which the sword  
Has reaped were lost?"

The following comments upon the conversion of a celebrated peace man to the war doctrine, are worthy of notice. They are from the Philadelphia Ledger of August 15, 1851:

"WAR NECESSARY.—Horace Greeley has, since his sojourn in Europe, become a convert to the physical force doctrine. He says, horrible as war is and ever must be, he deems a few battles a less evil than the perpetuity of such mental and physical bondage as is now endured by twenty millions of Italians. He remarks:

“When the Peace Society shall have persuaded the Emperor Nicholas or Francis Joseph to disband his armies, and rely for the support of his government on its intrinsic justice and inherent moral force, I shall be ready to enter its ranks ; but while despotism, fraud and wrong are triumphantly upheld by force, I do not see how freedom, justice and progress, can safely disclaim and repudiate the only weapons that tyrants fear—the only arguments they regard.’

“Somebody has said that the very best missionary is a soldier armed to the teeth, and it does seem as if there were a necessary connection between gunpowder and political progress—that the dearest rights of humanity are to be acquired only by the expenditure of rivers of blood. The oppressors of mankind know the value of physical force, and never fail to resort to it, hence the necessity of meeting them with the same weapons.”

NOTE 10.—STANZA LXXVII.

“Upon what should be held as neutral ground,  
Because disputed,” &c.

Some of our politicians, after the first flash of patriotic zeal, which the report of the advance of Taylor excited, had subsided, indulged in the very singular and illogical argument that we committed a wrong in crossing the Nueces, because our right, and the right of Texas to the territory lying between the Nueces and the Rio Grande del Norte, *was disputed by the Mexicans*. These gentlemen seemed to forget that there were two sides to this dispute, and that while both nations claimed the territory in question, neither had

any exclusive jurisdiction over it. The Mexicans crossed the Rio Grande, and surely, if they were right in doing so, it could not be wrong in us to cross the Nueces.

## NOTE 11.—STANZA LXXXVI.

“He escaped the jail,  
Only to have an arm'd police for bail.”

The following extracts from the minutes of the interview between Generals Worth and La Vega, are a fair illustration of the Mexican character, and show the prevarication and duplicity which La Vega, although himself a man of honor, was obliged to resort to, when representing the feeble and unmanly policy of his government.

GEN. WORTH. Is the American Consul in arrest or in prison?

GEN. LA VEGA. No.

GEN. WORTH. Is he now in the exercise of his proper functions?

GEN. LA VEGA. (After apparently consulting the Licenciado Casares for a moment,) replied that he was.

GEN. WORTH. Then, as an American officer, in the name of my government and my commanding general, I demand an interview with the Consul of my country.

No reply was made by Gen. La Vega to this demand. It was repeated several times during the interview, when Gen. La Vega, although distinctly asserting that Mexico had not declared war against the United States, and that the two countries were still at peace, said he would submit the demand to Gen. Mejia, commanding at Matamoras,—adding,

"that he thought there would be great difficulty." At length Gen. Worth repeated the demand for the last time, and the report says, "Gen. La Vega then promptly refused to comply with the demand, replying, without waiting for the interpretation, (as he spoke our language well,) No, No.

GEN. WORTH. I have now to state, that a refusal of my demand to see the American Consul is regarded as a belligerent act; and, in conclusion, I have to add, the commanding general of the American forces on the left bank of the river, will regard the passage of any armed party of Mexicans in hostile array across the Rio Grande, as an act of war, and pursue it accordingly.

Executive Documents, No. 196, House of Representatives, 1st Session 29th Congress, page 114.

NOTE 12.—STANZA XCV.

"We gave Almonte, ere his rage grew cold,  
His passports, and—took Texas to our fold."

Mr. Jenkins, in his admirable "History of the War between the United States and Mexico," to which I have had frequent occasion to refer for information, gives a very accurate and perspicuous account of the progress of the negotiations for the annexation of Texas, from the opening proposition of a convention of the people of that State in 1836, to its consummation. As these matters would occupy more space than is ordinarily allotted to a note, I must ask the reader to consult Mr. Jenkins' work, pages 37 to 47, and the authorities there quoted. It is enough to state, briefly, that the Mexican officials denounced the annexation of Texas as an act of war;

that they appealed to the representatives of foreign nations in Mexico, to sanction and sustain them; that England made an attempt at interference, on the pretext of abolishing slavery in Texas, and that the United States pursued the course indicated in the text.

## NOTE 13.—STANZA XCVIII.

“And tried to prove themselves entirely right,  
By a most silly eagerness to fight.”

Extract from General Taylor's reply to Ampudia, April 12th, 1846.

“I need hardly advise you that, charged as I am in only a military capacity, with the performance of specific duties, I cannot enter into a discussion of the international question involved in the advance of the American army. You will, however, permit me to say, that the government of the United States has constantly sought a settlement, by negotiation, of the question of boundary; that an envoy was dispatched to Mexico for that purpose, and that, up to the most recent dates, said envoy had not been received by the actual Mexican government, if indeed he has not received his passports and left the republic. In the meantime, I have been ordered to occupy the country up to the left bank of the Rio Grande, until the boundary shall be definitely settled. In carrying out those instructions, I have carefully abstained from all acts of hostility, obeying, in this regard, not only the letter of my instructions, but the plain dictates of justice and humanity.

“The instructions under which I am acting, will not permit me to retrograde from the position I now occupy. In view

of the relations between our respective governments, and the individual suffering which may result, I regret the alternative which you offer; but, at the same time wish it understood that I shall by no means avoid such alternative, leaving the responsibility with those who rashly commence hostilities. In conclusion, you will permit me to give the assurance, that on my part, the laws and customs of war among civilized nations, shall be carefully observed."

NOTE 14.—STANZA CIX.

"Even politicians mingle in each wave."

I do not include in this eulogy those left-handed patriots who had the hardihood, or the madness, to stand almost alone in the House of Representatives, and record their votes against defending the country against the aggressions of Mexico, when the war was first announced to Congress. I leave them to enjoy the fame or the infamy they so boldly courted, and to insure their full enjoyment of it, as they then claimed and still merit, I insert their names.

The question before the House being on the passage of the bill authorizing the President to accept the services of fifty thousand volunteers, and appropriating ten millions of dollars to prosecute the war began by Mexico, 174 members voted for the bill, and the following named patriots voted against it, viz:

Luther Severance, of Maine; Erastus D. Culver, of Vermont; John Quincey Adams, George Ashman, Joseph Grinnell, Charles Hudson and Daniel P. King, of Massachusetts; Henry Y. Cranston, of Rhode Island; John Strohm, of Penn-

sylvania; Columbus Delano, Joshua R. Giddings, Joseph M. Root, Daniel R. Tilden and Joseph Vance, of Ohio.—Total, 14.

## NOTE 15.—STANZA CXXI.

“And Freedom dreaded, while Mankind abhor’d,  
The bootless triumphs of his flaming sword.”

John S. C. Abbott, Esq., in his admirable sketches of Napoleon Bonaparte, published in “Harper’s New Monthly Magazine,” gives the following just and clear description of the character and conduct of Wellington, in contrast with those of Napoleon. “It is greatly to Napoleon’s honor, that such men as the Duke of Wellington were contending against him. It is, in itself, evidence of the righteousness of his cause. Probably there cannot be found in the world a man more resolutely hostile to popular reform, than was the Duke of Wellington. He was hated by the people. They had pelted him with mud through the streets of London, and he had been compelled to barricade his windows against their assaults. Even the soldiers under his command in Spain, had no affection for his person; and, notwithstanding all the calumnies of the British press, they loved, around their camp-fires, to tell stories of the goodness of Napoleon. Many, too, of these soldiers, after the battle of Waterloo, were sent to Canada. I am informed, by a gentleman of commanding character and intelligence, that when a child, he has sat for hours listening to the anecdotes in favor of Napoleon, which those British soldiers had picked up in the camp. Yet, true to military discipline, they would stand firmly to their colors

in the hour of battle. They were proud of the grandeur of the 'Iron Duke,' but no soldier loved him. We will imitate Napoleon's magnanimity, in not questioning the sincerity of the Duke of Wellington's convictions, that an aristocratic government is best for the people. We simply state the undeniable *fact*, that his hostility was deadly to all popular reform."—*Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, Vol. IX., p. 32.

## NOTE 16.—STANZA CXXIII.

"—— there's nothing in a name."

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet," &c.

*Romeo and Juliet.*

## NOTE 17.—STANZA CXXXVII.

"For its resplendent lore in Greek and Roman,  
And arts, of practical behoof to no man."

I do not mean to apply this reproach to Princeton College alone. But it is a lamentable fact, that the best years of our youth, are sacrificed, under a system of education invented centuries ago, which is wholly inconsistent with the views and interests of the present day,—in studying the dead languages, —when it is obvious to the most "casual observer" that all the good contained in the history and literature of Greece and Rome, has been extracted and rendered into good English in years long gone by, and when the study of those languages is but a loss of time and labor.

## NOTE 18.—STANZA CCXXXVIII.

“ His case is quite in point, for we remember  
His pitiless imprisonment at Ham.”

When Louis Napoleon Bonaparte made his first effort to obtain the throne of France, he was accompanied by a handful of hairbrained adventurers, who, after a most ridiculous exhibition of heroic folly, were quietly handed over to the police, and their leader sent to the castle of Ham, more for safe keeping as a lunatic, than for punishment as a criminal. He was then considered a fool. When the revolution which displaced the “ Citizen King,” Louis Phillipe, and made way for a rickety republic, gave Louis Napoleon an opportunity to return to France, after his escape from Ham, he played the democrat so well, that people were astonished at his good sense and liberal views. He soon became immensely popular, and was elected President ; but while France and the rest of the world were agitating the question of his re-election, or the choice of a successor, he very coolly, and almost noiselessly, put an end to the dispute, by overthrowing the republic and re-instating the empire of his illustrious uncle. The fool of Ham, and the democrat of the faubourgs, became at once the centre and soul of France, and the gossiping world discovered, *when he made them feel it*, that he was really a great man, and as capable of wielding a sceptre as any of the legitimate sovereigns, who rule the destinies of admiring nations by the “ grace of God,” and the stupidity of the people !

Such instances of the virtue of success are innumerable in the history of mankind. Columbus was considered insane by

half the world, until he proved, by discovering the other half, that his theory was correct. Fulton was laughed at and pelted by a mob in New York, when he made the first experimental trial of his steamboat, and Father Miller, of earth-destroying notoriety, has failed to rival the glories of Mahomet or Joe Smith, merely because he erred in his figures, in fixing the destruction of the world at the time when it ought to have occurred, instead of when it will occur.

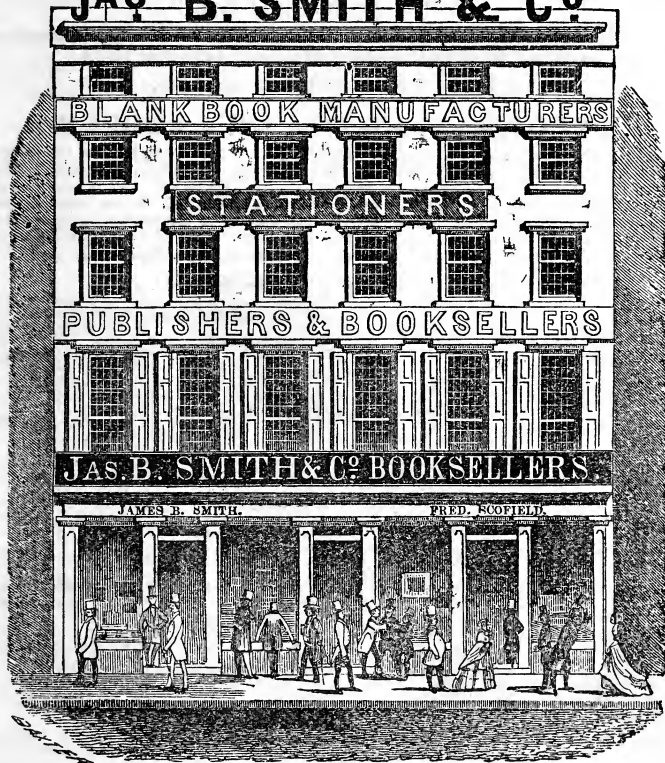
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
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
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
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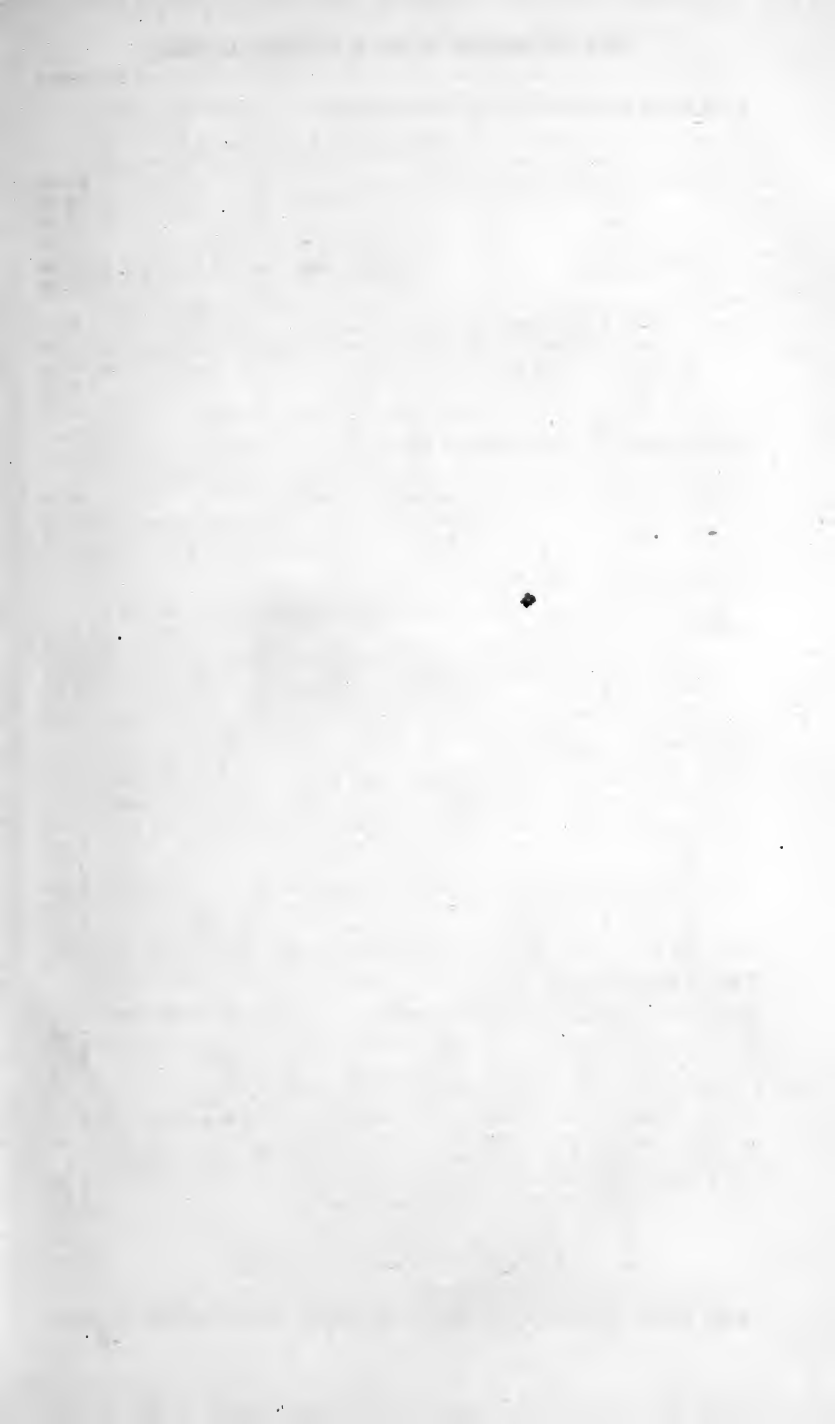
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